

**"A HASTY CONCLUSION."**

By ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

More Reading Matter and Engravings  
than in any Previous Number.

**Vol. 2.**

**SEPTEMBER.**

**No. 3.**

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART

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# REPORT OF EXAMINERS

...AS TO CONDITION OF...

## Iowa Savings and Loan Association

ON JULY 1, 1894.

### STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
First Mortgage Loans made .....	\$782,607.50	Net dues Inst'm't Stock .....	\$377,332.10
Certificate Stock Loans made .....	35,787.47	Less Amount withdrawn .....	149,172.81
Real Estate acquired .....	12,401.83		\$428,159.29
Taxes, Ins. and Costs advanced .....	1,476.13	First Mortgage Loans repaid .....	124,402.50
Interest and Premiums with Local Treasurers .....	4,731.18	Certificate Stock Loans repaid .....	20,077.00
Interest and Premiums in arrears .....	9,052.01	8% Full Paid Stock .....	\$127,900.00
Cash on hand .....	417.30	8% Withdrawn .....	36,800.00
			91,100.00
		Class "A" Stock .....	35,280.00
		Class "A" Withdrawn .....	5,240.00
			30,040.00
		Class "B" Stock .....	16,315.00
		Class "B" Withdrawn .....	195.00
			16,120.00
		Sundry Stockholders cr. ....	359.42
		Interest and Premium in advance .....	387.13
		Total profits earned .....	\$191,112.47
		Less Amount Paid .....	55,284.46
		Net Profits July 1, 1894 .....	135,828.01
	\$346,473.42		\$346,473.42

This certifies that we, the undersigned, have, at the request of Hon. C. G. McCarthy, Auditor of State, carefully examined the condition of the Iowa Savings and Loan Association, from date of organization to July 1, 1894, and find the net assets and liabilities as shown on the within statement. We examined the loans, both real estate and stock, checked them in full and found them INTACT, and as represented herewith. We cannot recommend too highly the care and diligence of the officers in guarding the interests of their stockholders, nor of the almost perfect system of keeping the accounts of same. We also find that no liabilities exist against any director or officer of the Association.

Des Moines, Iowa, July 27, 1894.

JOHN McGUIRE, Ex-Nat'l Bank Examiner.  
HOMER A. MILLER, State Bank Examiner.



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FAIR <sup>but</sup> FLEETING

*Margaret S. [unclear] by Charles Sumner Jacoby*

I say a little bird that was singing on a tree,  
 And said, "You sing so sweetly, will you come and sing for me?"  
 But he spread his dusky blue wing, and he sped across the sea,  
 For the air that he warbled was never sung for me.

I say the dainty blossom of a while and fragile flower.  
 And said, Come blow, we're in the centre of my bow.  
 But mine hand, bright as sursate, came and plucked it  
 from the stem;

And to know that they are called to grace & princely manner

Mye a kindred heart; and that heart to me said, Come

And mine went out to meet it, but was lost in sudden death.

Whither wanders all these outlaws? To some land

beyond time's sea.

Is there nothing else and lasting in this shadow world for me?





# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME II.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

NUMBER 3.

## LITERARY ST. PAUL.

BY REV. JOHN CONWAY, A. M., PRESIDENT ST. PAUL PRESS CLUB.

THE title of this article may force an incredulous smile to the face of the fashionable New Yorker, or a cynical curl to the lip of the placid Bostonian. Chicago is still the butt of literary ridicule. Its long and lengthening list of journalists, poets and prose writers has not been able to save it from nauseously reiterated jokes about the big feet of its women, the panting rush of its men in cold weather, their graceless repose upon the door-steps when summer's heat is sweltering, and the fact that it is the largest pig-pen in the world. All new cities must pass through a baptism of coarse gibes or of pleasant raillery. Boston was sneered at by literary London until the Concord school shamed the Britishers to silence; Londoners have begun to look upon New York as something more than a mammoth seaport, not because it has the best edited magazines, the most enterprising newspapers and the most gigantic publishing houses in the world, but chiefly because its Astor purchased the "Pall Mall Gazette" and its Jerome founded "The Idler." In view of the literary work which Chicagoans have been doing they can afford to stand the sneer, and St. Paul may as well pass through its period of literary probation now as at a more distant day.

Because England has only one great center of literature is no reason why the United States should not have several such cities. England is a pigmy; the United States is a giant. The population of England must necessarily be very limited; the population of the United States a century hence may well number three hundred millions. Most people will agree



REV. JOHN CONWAY, A. M.  
President of the St. Paul Press Club.

with Mr. Hamlin Garland that each locality must make its own literary record, each special phase of life must utter its own voice. Should the Northwest realize the literary promise which Mr. Garland and others so hopefully predict for it, the frenzied eyes of its writers will turn wistfully, not to London or New York or Chicago, but to St. Paul.

I am quite willing to accept the theory of "no East and no West" in literature, provided it does not send the western writer to seek inspiration in the palaces of Paris, or the eastern novelist to voice the wintry blasts which sweep over our prairies. Literary provincialism is good in the sense that it makes men draw inspiration from their surroundings and write the things whereof they know. We should break forever from the old world;

not from its rules of literary form, not from its standard requirements of rhetoric, not from its recognized decencies of literature, not from its characteristics common to all good writings in the English language; but from Europe and particularly from England, as a source of inspiration. English writers have become famous and their writings classical because they have paid attention to thought and form and because they have adhered with an admirable bigotry to local surroundings as sources of inspiration.

There has been some discussion of late anent the literary emancipation of the West. The West is not weak in vigor of thought nor lacking in boldness of conception. The vagaries of the western writer may be as varied as the fantastic architecture of these parts; but these intellectual wanderings are always evidence of the absence of mental stagnation, and are sometimes signs of creative genius. The West needs emancipation from the folly of going abroad for its studies and from the madness of trying to set the laws of literature at defiance. For two years I had an opportunity of examining closely the manuscripts of western writers. Many of these writers were willing enough to publish thoughts suggested by visits to London or Paris, to Rome or Vienna, to Boston or New York. But when I wanted some one to give me a study of things racy of Minnesota, I had to search the state with lamps! Whitman tried to defy the laws of verse and, in spite of his great ability, he will be remembered chiefly as a curiosity. Carlyle, I mean the dyspeptic philosopher of Chelsea, was one of the most vigorously destructive thinkers of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, no professor would think of proposing him as a model, for his



MRS. MARY J. REID,

Author of "James Whitcomb Riley" in the July Midland, and of "Octave Thanet at Home," in a forthcoming number.

swaggering defiance of the decencies of our literature has put him, as such, outside the pale of respectful consideration. Western writers may as well make up their minds that thought and form must be happily wedded. The union must be perfect that the literary work may be flawless. Culture is not mere imitation and does not hamper creative thought. The most successful American writers of to-day have carefully avoided the Scylla of foreignism and the Charybdis of mere imitation.

For melting pathos Washington Irving's "Broken Heart" is not fit to be compared with Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." Mr. Cable's name conjures up pictures of the Creole; Mr. Howells tells us of Boston and New York; Amelie Rives quickens one's blood with the warmth of Virginia; Miss Murfree makes the reader feel as though he had been spending a holiday in the mountains of Tennessee; Hamlin Garland could plow a prairie or write a poem; Opie Reed knows the very stones of the streets of Chicago; James Whitcomb Riley writes of the soul's secrets and of nature's yearnings in Indiana.

There are two causes which contribute largely toward the damnation of the beginnings of literature in the Northwest. I am not sure that those causes are peculiar to these parts; perhaps older sections of the country have had to pass through a similar period of pretentious ignorance and of literary prostitution. Men holding high positions sometimes undertake to write articles, not because of literary attainments, not because of any special message for the world, but solely because they happen to be a great deal in the public gaze. When the independent electors of a community put a man in

official position, their votes should not be construed into an indorsement of the successful candidate's literary accomplishments. A man may be a good pound-master and yet a poor poet. Julius Cæsar was powerful with pen and sword; Robert Burns could plough a furrow or write a lyric with kindred excellence and equal ease; but Cæsar and Burns were geniuses. It is reckless effrontery and unbridled insolence on the part of any man to ask another to "touch up" his writings. It shows a boundless egotism and a barbarous absence of artistic appreciation. One artist does not invite another to put the finishing touches upon a painting. The sin I speak of is a literary immorality. It may bring about grammatical accuracy, but it makes literature wooden.

The second cause adverse to our incipient literature is the production of what may be called "fake" books. By these I mean books written by utterly incompetent people, and got up to sell; not because of literary merit, but because they contain the photographs of "prominent" citizens and a list of names of the less conspicuous ones. Books of this nature are usually written by old settlers whose familiar figures give them a more or less friendly claim upon the kindness of the community. These books are not only valueless, but they are a positive detriment to the sacred cause of literature. It is a species of mendicancy which has to be tolerated because of the exotic claims of those who pursue it.

There is a little book called "Poets and Poetry of Minnesota," edited by Mrs. W. J. Arnold and published in Chicago in 1864. The unpretentious volume is dedicated to the Hon. Stephen Miller, then governor of Minnesota. It is needless to say that not a single writer set down among the poets of Minnesota was born within the confines of this state. Although such familiar names as Ignatius Donnelly, Harriet Bishop, Col. T. M. Newson, H. L. Gordon and Mrs. Julia A. A. Wood occur in this collection, yet I cannot honestly say that the poems

have any literary merit. But the firm faith and abiding hope of the fair editress is worthy of all praise. She believed that she was offering a valuable contribution to literature; she hoped that the Great West must one day become the very nursery of American literature; and with truly western aplomb she added: "Let the present work determine whether our peerless Minnesota shall not become its cradle."

Descending more to particulars, the name of Ignatius Donnelly is probably the first to occur to any one seeking for local authors in the city of St. Paul. Mr. Donnelly's life has been a stormy one, apparently lacking that serenity supposed to be necessary for the higher walks of literature. Though well on in life, being now sixty-three years old, he has not yet succeeded in satisfying the hopes of his admirers, nor in realizing that promise awakened by each successive volume from his prolific pen. It is not any lack of ability which prevents Mr. Donnelly's complete triumph in the world of letters. He has abundance of talent; he has genius. And as he himself says in "Dr.



HARRIET E. BISHOP.

Huguet," it is the privilege of genius to survive whole generations of maligners. His literary form is seldom faulty; his descriptive powers occasionally show themselves as reaching up even to the sublime.

Why then has he not been crowned with a finished chaplet of literary success? Because he has been unfortunate in the selection of his subjects and because he has tried to compromise with the crowd instead of conquering the multitude. He may have shown original thought in his "Atlantis" and startling conception in his "Ragnarok"; he has manifested marvelous daring in the method of his attack upon Shakespeare; he has distinguished himself for destructive power in "Cæsar's Column"; he has left us an impossible transformation in "Dr. Huguet"; and in "The Golden Bottle," the most carelessly written of all his works, he writes more from the heart than from the head. The questions treated in these books are not such as lend themselves to the higher forms of literature. Mr. Donnelly may think Shakespeare anything but a gentleman; may call him a confirmed sot and a greedy cormorant; may essay to prove that his calling was that of a horseholder and of a call-boy; may prove that his Stratford surroundings were not such as would be expected to develop the greatest genius the world has ever seen; may poke fun at his will for mentioning in it a second best bed; may even heap ridicule upon the Bard of Avon's name and say that it was not Shakespeare but Jack Peter; but he must have been bold even to presumption to hope to set aside at his behest what has been the literary faith of the civilized world for centuries. Mr. Donnelly has spent too much time browsing upon the borders and lingering among the curiosities of literature. At present he is engaged upon several new books; let us hope that they will be worthy of his ability. The great American novel is yet to be written, and there is no one in the United States who understands better than Mr. Donnelly the far-reaching human drama that is enacted around us.

One of the rising hopes of the West in literature is Miss Lily A. Long of St. Paul. She is so young that she can afford not to be in a hurry, and she is so sedate that she restrains the impetuosity which usually marks a writer in the early twenties. Miss Long works as slowly as does Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The result is that there is a finish about her effusions rarely to be found in a writer so young. Her style is easy and flowing and reminds the reader of Washington Irving. Besides a great deal of fugitive work, including poems, essays and criticisms, Miss Long has written two novels, both of which have been well received. The first, "A Squire of Low Degree," is an attempt to show that the power of character can make itself felt. The hero, Alec Macdonald, begins his fight with life, handicapped by a tarnished reputation. At the end, his steadfast rectitude has so triumphantly vindicated him, that the vindication of external testimony is not only not necessary but would be an impertinence. Miss Long's second novel, "Apprentices to Destiny," appeared a few months ago. It is meant to express that phase of modern life which makes men and women of all sorts feel the pressure of the humanitarian's problems. It endeavors to give the different points of view held by the obstructionists, materialists, dillettanti and others. It does not advance any thumb-nail scheme for reforming the universe, but it suggests that these questions of the day must be answered, and that they cannot be answered by an easy philanthropy or without reference to their deeper relations. The following somewhat ponderous teaching put into the mouth of a learned professor is really the opinion held by the young author herself:

"I incline to the belief that a world where the material prosperity was raised to say the  $n^{\text{th}}$  power and the moral tone remained at its present level would be less of a success, cosmically considered, than a world where comfort of body remained at its present rather unsatisfactory state and the moral tone was, conversely, raised to the  $n^{\text{th}}$  power."

Miss Long does better by the West than does Hamlin Garland. Her characters, though always strong and sometimes rough-visaged, are not devoid of culture. In all probability the stalwart farmers of Minnesota would repudiate the description of the hard lot of the western ruralist so mercilessly told by Hamlin Garland.

There is no more active worker in the wide domain of literature than Mr. Frankly W. Lee. It has been a wonder to many how he has been able to find time for so much brain work in addition to the fascinating drudgery of his journalistic calling. Mr. Lee, though a very young man, has already published five novels and a book of poems, and all within a period of less than four years. I mention this fact, not by way of literary commendation, but as an evidence of his great industry. For, in literature, we look to quality rather than to quantity. "Home, Sweet Home" will be read when tons of contemporary rhymes will have found their proper place in the temple of oblivion. But Mr. Lee does not lack quality. There has been a gradual improvement in his style from the publication of "A Shred of Lace," in May, 1891, to the publication of "Mam'selle Paganine," in January, 1894.

have this very decided objection against the last mentioned novel: Mr. Lee should not have gone to Paris for so much of his story. He should have remembered that the chief reason why Fenimore Cooper's novels are still read is because they are so national. Mr. Lee is probably the first to make a heroine of a blind woman. This he does in his novel called "Mrs. Harding's Eyes." Some critics would hold that "Two Men and a Girl" lacks probability. At all events, the combination is not plausible or true to nature.

Our author shows how dear the Northwest is to him in his novel bearing the inharmonious title of "Lars Erickson." Writers in the English tongue seldom go to the Scandinavian race for heroes. Mr. Lee has done so and he has no reason to

regret the rugged honesty of the central character of his book. This novel will never bring a scalding blush to the cheek of even the most modest maiden, although it may help to call forth a far-off look in her romantic eye. Mr. Lee is a student of the occult and loves to conjure up Karmic visions.

Mrs. Julia A. A. Wood is the veteran writer of Minnesota. Her exuberant fancy was attracted here more than forty years ago by the romance of this then far-off frontier, of the rude wigwam of the Ojibways, of the strange harvest dance of the Winnebagos, of the wild war-whoop of the fierce Sioux. Though living in the sylvan city of Sauk Rapids, St. Paul, being the capital and intellectual center of the commonwealth of Minnesota, has always claimed Mrs. Wood as her own. She has been an indefatigable worker in the world of letters ever since her early girlhood. The writing of novels, poems, sketches and the every day work of journalism have filled her life for well-nigh half a century. She wrote her novels under the *nom de plume* of Minnie Mary Lee, and many a young Minnesotan who whiles away a pleasant hour with "The Brown House at Duffield," or with "Strayed From the Fold," learns with delight that the real name of the authoress is Julia A. A. Wood.

When there is question of local men of letters, the name of the late Dillon O'Brien, whose sacred memory still hallows the dark spots of St. Paul, must not be forgotten. It is said that a man's temper can be told from his writings. This is a hard rule to apply to some, to crusty old Carlyle for instance. Still it seems to be true, for style is neither mannerism nor mimicry, but each one's peculiar way of manifesting his thoughts or feelings or judgments. Applying the aforesaid principle to Mr. O'Brien, the author of "The Dalys of Dalystown" and of "Dead Broke" must have been a genial and gentle spirit. Whilst it is true that for the development of a native literature one must take home topics, and the Mississippi



L. V. D. HEARD.

and our Minnetonkas should be to Minnetons what English rivers and the lake country have been to Englishmen, still it is hardly fair to blame Mr. O'Brien for going abroad for his scenes. He wrote of the heathery hills and verdant valleys, the supple-sinewed youths and the silken-haired beauties of the land of his birth because of such he could write best. And lest there should be a sigh in his song or some sorrow in his story, in "Frank Blake," he says good-bye to his hero and his heroine beneath the blue sky in their youth, their beauty and their joy.

"Di," a story published in 1890, adds another to our list of writers in the lighter vein. Squire L. Pierce, wishing to add literature to law, stole sufficient time from one of his long holidays to write the aforesaid novel. The art of novel writing is not brought to perfection by a writer's first effort. Mr. Pierce tells us that his story is founded upon incidents which have come under his own observation. No doubt some of his characters are so thinly veiled that any one who has lived in St. Paul for a few years can easily identify them. Mr. Mallock of England, is chiefly responsible for this practice.

The great novelists would scorn to have recourse to such means of attracting attention, and these characterizations in light literature of living local personages are not considered to be in harmony with the ethics of novel writing. But Mr. Pierce actually mentions by name some of the old settlers. For instance, he makes the leading character of his novel buy some lots in St. Paul without having seen them. It seems that the lots were from five to ten feet under water. Later on when the purchaser visited St. Paul he sought out "Bill Murray, . . . and Murray gave me a jibe in the ribs and offered me a chance to buy some more of the same kind." Doubtless the gentleman spoken of in this quotation from Mr. Pierce's novel is the Hon. William Pitt Murray. Although Mr. Pierce's novel is lacking in artistic finish of conception and style, nevertheless its occasional glimpses of strong thought and its dainty bits of moralizing make up an interesting book.

We now come to another species of our provincial literature. Miss Harriet E. Bishop, the pioneer lay-teacher of the Northwest, took time from her educational and missionary duties to write a book called "Floral Home, or First Years of Minnesota." Miss Bishop has



MRS. MARY HARMAN SEVERANCE.



won fame as one of the first teachers in these northern latitudes; she has been praised for her fineness of soul, her strength of character and her Christian bravery. She is not so well known to the present generation as the author of the interesting volume just mentioned. The book is a literary curiosity. It does not contain a wealth of learning. In it there is no profundity of information about our flora and fauna, no delving into the depths of the earth for mineral secrets, no geological speculation, no astronomical theorizing about Minnesota's Milky Way. But Miss Bishop writes like a woman. She is chatty and observant, yet her observations extend mostly to matters which are on the surface. She aptly introduces description into her narrative and her description contains salient points and picturesque circumstances.

It is pleasing to find one woman paying such a tribute to another as Miss Bishop pays to "Minnie Mary Lee," the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Wood, to whose writings I have already referred. Miss Bishop calls her Minnesota's most gifted daughter and says that her charming letters and tales, bright with her own poetic fancy, bring the living reality to the mind's eye. This is a strong compliment, although written in 1857, when doubtless there were few writers in Minnesota. Miss Bishop brings us back to the days when the first white woman trod the virgin soil of this region, to the time when a couple had to travel three hundred miles to get married, to the days of traders, explorers and missionaries. With equal pleasure does she write about the educational beginnings of the Northwest and the love-lorn Indian maiden who hurled herself from the beetling rock at Lake Pepin. Harriet Bishop looked upon Minnesota as the El Dorado

of the world and hence she was able to write about it with the enthusiasm of a real estate man but without his business motive.

A work full of varied interest for all and doubtless of melancholy interest for the old settlers whose relatives or neighbors were killed in the Indian outbreaks of 1862-63, is the "History of the Sioux War," by I. V. D. Heard. Mr. Heard has resided in Minnesota since 1853, was a member of General Sibley's expedition in 1862, and was recorder of the military commission which tried many of those who took part in the outbreak. He has the painstaking spirit of the historian.

His little volume is very useful as a well-written record of the tragic part of the early history of Minnesota. The massacre of 1862 is referred to by Bishop Whipple as the most fearful Indian massacre in history. Honorable modes of war cannot be expected from savages and did not hamper the fierce ravages of the Sioux. Yet if Bishop Whipple's words be true the Indians of Minnesota were very much sinned against. In an appendix to Mr. Heard's volume the



E. V. SMALLEY.

Bishop says that the Indians were taught that lying was no disgrace, adultery no sin, and theft no crime. Mr. Heard relieves his narrative with some fine descriptive passages.

I am not dealing yet with magazine writers who claim St. Paul as their chief city. If I were I should put in a high place Eugene V. Smalley, editor of the "Northwest Magazine." It is not because of his own monthly that Mr. Smalley holds a high place in magazine literature; for the "Northwest Magazine" is devoted to industrial and economic interests rather than to literature. But for a long time Mr. Smalley was on the staff of the "Century" and he has been a

frequent contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly" and an occasional contributor to the "Forum." Mr. Smalley's style is good and he shows excellent judgment in the selection of his subjects. He was trained in a good school of journalism, having been graduated in the office of the New York "Tribune." He always selects subjects which he knows well, and herein his sound judgment asserts itself. But it is as a historian that I am considering Mr. Smalley. To write an impartial history of one's own political party is no easy task. This is what Mr. Smalley has done and done well. The author's "Brief History of the Republican Party" traces, without bitterness toward opponents, the rise and growth of the republican party from its embryonic state down to the year 1892. There is a great deal of useful information packed into the pleasingly brief chapter of this well-written work. The student of style will detect in this history that Mr. Smalley is no novice in the knowledge and use of excellent idiomatic constructions. Grammatical accuracy is but the merest mechanical equipment for literary pursuits; rhetorical correctness and even adornment are necessary for any measure of success. Mr. Smalley does not lack these. Industry, exactness and impartiality characterize his book throughout.

It is not easy to find a more painstaking historian than the late Rev. Edward D. Neil. Isocrates spent ten years composing one speech, Newman often rewrote his books after they had come from the printers, Moore spent whole weeks polishing a few phrases, Dr. Neil used to work for months upon an apparently insignificant fact of history. He held that "to be ignorant of what happened before you were born, will always keep you a child." He has done his own share to make the people acquainted with the history of Minnesota. There are from his pen a documentary history of this state, very useful for reference, and a concise history intended for popular use. The origin and growth of this community, the then and the now, the past struggles and

the present achievements may be witnessed and compared, thanks to the historical zeal of the Rev. Mr. Neil. Yet it is not easy for the student of literature to pardon him for having induced Bancroft to change one of the most beautiful passages in his admirable history of the United States. In the fifteen editions published before 1876, Mr. Bancroft, referring to Lord Baltimore's settlement of Maryland, writes:

"Upon the 27th day of March the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Marys." In the author's last revision this passage is changed and becomes prosaic. It appears that Dr. Neil's pamphlet, "Maryland Not a Roman Catholic Colony," was the cause of Bancroft's historical conversion and his consequent setting aside of the concurrent and unanimous historical tradition of two centuries and a half.

The Hon. C. K. Davis, ex-governor of Minnesota, and present United States senator, is one of those literary gentlemen who steal some hours from active life to revel in the luxury of converse with the learned men of other days. When one finds a busy lawyer and devoted public man reading that difficult old military classic, Quintus Curtius, it makes us think that after all some culture can come from Nazareth. Senator Davis has given the public a readable and learned book in "The Law in Shakespeare." He is an ardent admirer of the great dramatist, and does not miss the opportunity of taking a passing fling at the Baconian theory. His thesis is that Shakespeare studied in an attorney's office. The plea is based upon the bard's persistent and correct use of law terms. The strongest proof advanced by Senator Davis is the poet's confident and cumulative use of these terms. I do not think the learned senator proves his thesis. The fact is Shakespeare was so human and so many-sided that all sorts and conditions of men find something congenial

in his writings. For instance, in the controversy as to whether Shakespeare was a Catholic or not, some annotators say that no Roman Catholic influences could have ever reached him or he would not have made the mistake of putting into the mouth of Juliet these lines :

"Are you at leisure, holy father, now,  
Or shall I come to you at even Mass?"

On the other hand some Catholic scholars maintain that Shakespeare made no mistake here, because in those days vespers were called *missae vespertinae* or evening masses. Senator Davis's book is one of those literary curiosities which men of letters like to read.

St. Paul is not rich in ecclesiastical literature. The absorbing labors of missionary life in a fast-growing community left but little time to an overworked clergy for the fascinations of literature. Still there are some curiosities. The Right Rev. Monsignor Ravoux, who has lived in St. Paul for more than half a century, printed a little book in the Sioux language when that city was a village. A few years ago this octogenarian clergyman published his "Memoirs," a species of literature much relished by the pioneers.

The Rev. John Gmeiner is a St. Paul clergyman whose writings on scientific-religious questions have caught the attention of the reading public. His three books—"Modern Scientific Views and Christian Doctrines Compared," "The Spirits of Darkness," and "Emanuel"—are a popular defense of Christianity. Father Gmeiner's pen was busy in newspaper, pamphlet and periodical some years ago when foreignism was rampant in his church and when it became necessary to admonish some members of that church that they must stop their abuse of the public schools.

"Members of One Body," is a little book, generous in tone and ripe in thought, from the pen of the Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers. Though a Unitarian clergyman he has no difficulty in writing of the Roman Catholic church, as follows :

"It has a message to the eye and to the ear as well as to reason ; it has learned how to over-awe the barbarian by its pageantry ; it challenges the admiration of the soldier by its matchless discipline ; it appeals to the artistic temperament, for Catholicism is the poetry of Christianity, as Protestantism is its prose ; it captivates the imagination of youth, and stimulates the most romantic spiritual ambition ; and when strength and earthly hope are dead, it offers a refuge and a ministry of consolation."

I shall dismiss the question of local ecclesiastical literature by telling my readers of a sage remark of Dr. Crothers, which it would be well for the members of the Roman Catholic Church, of all other churches and of no church, to remember. It is this: "The Roman Catholic Church succeeds in America only in proportion as it becomes American."

Among the rising writers whose ability runs in many directions, Harry Wellington Wack, of St. Paul, holds a high place. He is the author of a serial novel, "The Alidor"; he has written a drama of the orient ; he is a contributor under various pseudonyms to "Harper's," "Leslie's," and the "Outing" magazine ; he writes



HARRY WELLINGTON WACK.

poetry in his hours of leisure and is a regular corresponding fellow of the society for psychical research, London, England.

St. Paul has yet more contributors in prose and verse to our magazine literature. Elaine Goodale Eastman has long been known to readers of the "Atlantic Monthly" and other leading magazines. Mary J. Reid had been literary editor of "The Literary Northwest" before that magazine was merged into THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. Mary Harman Severance was editor-in-chief of the former magazine during the two years of its independent existence. Mrs. Severance loves to gather the legends of the Red Man which cling to the lakes, forests and valleys of her native Minnesota. By way of partial fulfillment of this object she has published a volume called "Indian Legends of Minnesota."

The name of Dora Klussman Freaney must not be omitted from the list of our writers of poetry. She has long been known for her poetical contributions to the daily press. Lately she has won wider fame by a charming poem called

"Sleep," the opening stanza of which is as follows:

"We all must sleep;  
Some slide by slide,  
Others in lands afar;  
Some 'neath the tide:  
But sleep we must,  
Just and unjust,

Tho' when, and where, and how,  
In days or months or years none now  
May know, nor time nor reckoning keep:  
'Twill come upon us unawares,  
This unsought sleep.

To close  
Our eyes to earthly things,  
To life and love and those  
Who, seeing that we wake not, weep,  
Sad, silent and mysterious sleep!"

I do not undertake to give a full list of our writers, but I must not omit the name of John Talman, of the St. Paul "Pioneer Press," whose poetical effusions have brightened the poets' corner of many a magazine and newspaper.

There is no reason why the broad prairies and bright skies and sparkling waters and thrilling tales of Minnesota should not inspire men to write. It may be useful to note that most of the writers mentioned in this article are members of the Press Club of St. Paul.

## A SONG.

OH, we sang a little song,  
When the summer days were long,  
When the air was rife with music, and the wind with perfume sweet;  
While the deep blue sky arched over,  
And the blossoms of the clover,  
Honey-sweet and perfume-laden, lay beneath our careless feet.

How we two, with careless singing,  
Set the whole bright meadow ringing,  
Till the woods and hills behind us echoed back our roundelay!  
While the sun grew bright and brighter,  
And our hearts grew light and lighter,  
Till the sunset's blaze of glory closed the perfect summer day.

Then our happy singing ended,  
And our homeward way we wended  
'Cross the prairie and the meadow, till we reached the cottage door;  
Oh, 'twas only for a day,  
Then we said good-bye for aye,—  
But the mem'ry of that summer song goes with me evermore.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

*Estelle Savem.*

## CYCLING IN THE ROCKIES.

By WILLIS L. HALL.

WHEN the visiting cyclists went to Denver in August they were not prepared for the surprises which awaited them. Few comprehend what magnificent facilities there are in the mountain region for the most thorough enjoyment of a wheel, and the Denver people did their best to convince all visitors that Colorado is the wheelmen's paradise. Last February when the national convention of the League of American Wheelmen was held in Louisville one of the convincing arguments the Denver delegates made in favor of their town for the national races was a series of stereopticon views illustrating mountain scenery, with plenty of wheelmen thrown in. These views had been taken by wheelmen, on runs out from the city.

One of the essentials to real enjoyment of cycling is good roads. In Colorado

they have the finest natural roadways to be found anywhere. The soil is a mixture of clay and sand, which easily forms a smooth surface under the wheel and after a drouth does not become so dusty as to make travel unpleasant. A rain rarely makes the roads impassable for a bicycle for a longer period than a day. In most cases a road is passable in a few hours after a rain.

Another essential to long distance cycling is a variety of attractive places to visit within reasonable distances. Whether a wheelman lives in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado or New Mexico, he will find plenty of places easy of access by riding a few hours, any one of which will richly repay him for his effort. It is the same in the Rockies; there are thousands of attractive spots, and the wheelman is the man who knows most of



THE START.—COLORADO ROADS.

them. In the Rockies the way has been well marked out by the miners. Almost every range of mountains has its store of precious metals, and, when ore is to be found, it is not long until wagon roads are built, so that the product can be brought down to points of shipment. The roads built for this purpose are always good, for they are made to stand hard usage.

Nothing can be more exhilarating than following one of these mountain roads as it winds around, up and down, gradually ascending and descending, always presenting a varied panorama, which, if it does not make one forget fatigue, is sure to make him feel that he has been well rewarded. Nothing more practically demonstrates the popularity of cycling in these regions than the number who are constantly following the pastime. In Denver alone there are over seven thousand bicycles in use; this in a city of a little more than one hundred thousand population. For the rest of Colorado the number can be estimated at fully seven thousand more. For Montana, Wyoming, and New Mexico the figures are not at hand, but the cycling population is large. As for the region to the west, cycling is almost as popular as in the immediate neighborhood of Denver.

In the Centennial State mountain trips of almost any length may be taken. Of course it is the ambition of every rider, sooner or later, to ride down Pike's Peak. The number of adventurous riders who have done this is by no means large. The feat was first performed by C. C. Candy, H. G. Kennedy and W. E. Perkins, three Denver wheelmen, in 1891. They pushed their wheels to the top of the mountain and then coasted down. It is no light task and the descent is dangerous, but they managed to get through without any mishap. The highest point on the mountain is over fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and it is a round trip of twenty-two miles from the base to the summit. The popular method of making the descent is to take the wheels up on the cog-road train and then

coast down. In this way the hard climb is avoided, and wheelmen can well appreciate a coast eleven miles long. Much zest is added to the descent by the fact that the road in many places runs along the edge of a precipice, where a sudden false movement on the part of the rider would precipitate him upon the rocks hundreds of feet below. It is the rounding of the turns on these roads that is specially exciting. Then, too, the scenery is something grand. It requires all the rider's attention to take care of his wheel on the down trip, so if he wants to appreciate the beauties of the landscape he must stop and examine them at other times.

But one woman has ever coasted down Pike's Peak on a bicycle. Mrs. C. C. Candy made the trip in company with her husband in the summer of 1892. Going to the top on the cog-railway she there assumed a man's cycling suit and thus attired began the descent. It was plain cycling most of the time, the only hindrances being a little spill near the top and afterward a rain-storm that soaked them to the skin. In spite of it all they reached the base of the mountain in about three hours, none the worse for the experience.

But Pike's Peak is not the most satisfactory trip to take. There are beautiful mountain spots to be reached with much less trouble. Around Colorado Springs are Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Cañon and hosts of other points of interest that are a delight to the visitors and easy of access. Then, if a long trip is desired, the tourist can run to Pueblo or Denver.

From Denver there are any number of side trips that can be taken on the wheel. The shortest is to Littleton, ten miles. It is a level stretch of road and, if the object of taking the trip be merely to test the country roads of the state, no better could be chosen. Toward the mountains is Golden, fifteen miles away, slightly up hill. The town is visited frequently by Denver wheelmen. Many of them go on up Clear Creek on the railroad track in



order to get a view of the cañon. But traveling on the track in Colorado is not any easier than anywhere else, so not many take that way of getting a view of the higher waters of the creek. The most popular plan is to take one of the wagon roads leading up by another cañon and finally meet the Clear Creek cañon about thirty miles from the city. This sort of trip tests the hill-climbing powers and endurance of the riders better than any other method that could be adopted. More than one powerful rider from lower altitudes has been compelled to give up in disgust when on a trip of this sort, be-

bewitched and riding seemed more like flying than anything else.

Particularly do I remember a ride down from a little town near Idaho Springs, when for a distance of more than nine miles the wheel sped along, apparently up hill and down, without further effort on my part than to keep it in the road.

There is but one explanation for the fact that it is often impossible to tell whether the road is level or on a slope. All along the sides of the road the strata of rock are never lying on a level. Sometimes they are very much tilted and sometimes very little. One naturally



CYCLISTS RESTING ABOVE MORRISON, NEAR TURKEY CREEK CANON.

cause, somehow or other, his wheel runs terribly hard, and hills he considered nothing at home are here almost impossible to surmount.

This for two reasons: He is not accustomed to the lighter air of the mountains, and somehow he cannot appreciate just how steep some of the grades are. Even the men accustomed to riding in the mountains are often deceived by this latter fact. I have ridden along on a road apparently level, where it seemed the wheel should run easily; but it was hard work to even keep going. At other times it has seemed that the road was slightly up hill, yet the wheel would spin along as if

supposes those near a level are actually so. Then while riding up an incline the sides of the road seem to be level and the road correspondingly so. But gravity is never deceived, and when the wheel goes hard the safe assumption is that a hill, and not a defect in the machine, is alone responsible. It often happens that after surmounting an elevation a rider will look back and be wonderfully surprised to find how much he has ascended without having fully appreciated the fact.

But to return to short trips around Denver. There are few places prettier than Morrison, just twenty miles away. It is a little town nestled between two

ranges of hills and is a steady climb all the way from the city. On reaching the mouth of the cañon through which the wagon road passes, a beautiful scene presents itself. The hills to the rear of the town are made up of alternate strata of red and white sandstone, and during the spring and summer seasons these hills are covered with verdure. The contrast of bright colors is strikingly beautiful and once seen can never be forgotten.

Every one of the cañons along the range of foot-hills has been visited by wheelmen, and as many own and operate cameras there are numerous fine collections of views in all these places.

But the wheelmen of Colorado do not stop with these short trips. Every summer parties go out for tours which last several weeks. At these times they use the bicycle to go from one point to another, then devote the remainder of the time to mountain climbing, fishing or such other recreation as may suit them for the time being. The northwestern part of the state has not been visited by the bicycle men to such an extent as the southern and central portions. Members of the

Denver cycling clubs have made tours down as far as Creede and Durango in the southwestern corner of the state, and the whole of the eastern portion has been thoroughly explored in every direction from the city.

One of the favorite tours is from Denver north and west through Middle Park and North Park into Wyoming and back along the eastern slope of the Rockies. Along the route occasional stops are made to explore mountains not visited before. The time taken for the trip is generally two weeks, and it is always agreeably spent. In the summer of 1892, Messrs. W. E. Perkins and Robert Gerwing made this trip. They did not start together and had quite a time in meeting. Gerwing started first, leaving Denver by rail and striking the road at Central City. This is in the center of the mountains and not far from Long's Peak, which is second in altitude of all the peaks in the state. He spent a day or two at the mountain with friends and then started out for the meeting place. He was late and worked hard to make up for lost time. Meantime Mr. Perkins had been delayed a day in starting and, when he reached the place of rendezvous and found his partner had not yet arrived, he set out at a leisurely pace upon the line they had mutually agreed on before starting. When Gerwing found his man was ahead he worked harder than ever and tried by going at a racing gait to overtake him. In this purpose he was encouraged by teamsters who called out as he passed that "the other fellow" was only a short distance ahead and would soon be overtaken if he kept up that pace. But although he raced along until late in the afternoon, it was only after Perkins had stopped for supper that Gerwing came up with him. Perkins had been chasing Gerwing for the earlier part of the day, thinking he was ahead, and that was what gave him such a start; so, when Gerwing took to chasing Perkins in turn, it was simply a question of which was the faster man. They kept well together for the remainder of the run.



PIKE'S PEAK WAGON ROAD.

On one occasion they were overtaken by an afternoon shower in the mountains. The roads were made very muddy. Gerwing had his machine fitted with a band-brake, while Perkins had the ordinary spoon-brake. The latter fits closely to the tire and does not leave much space. In going down a long hill just after the shower Gerwing had no trouble at all. He made the descent and before beginning to mount the next hill looked around to discover the whereabouts of his companion. The latter was nowhere to be seen. While Gerwing was waiting Perkins came into view around a bend in the road dragging his wheel. Every once in a while he would stop and dig the mud from the frame and from the brake. After several stops of that sort he became disgusted, picked the wheel up and carried it on the rest of the way down. He is now a firm believer in the use of band brakes on mountain trips.

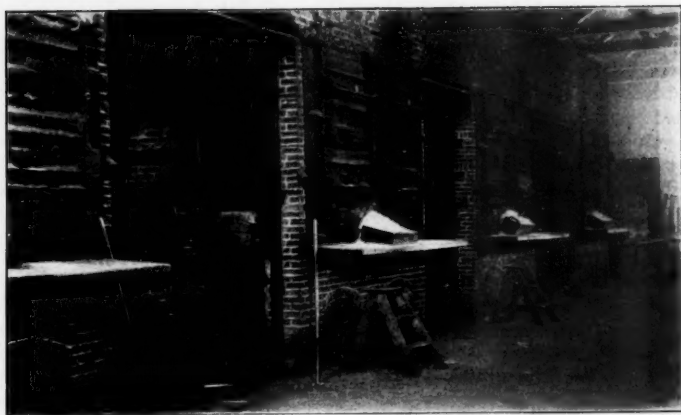
In every locality there exists some particular thing which the local wheelmen strive to be the first to do at the opening of the season. Denver men try to see who shall be first to make the run to Littleton each year. No matter how cold or how bad the roads are there are always some who turn out on New Year's day to make the run. Sometimes they have to ride on the railway tracks, and very often they are unable to ride their wheels half the distance. But they get through somehow and have that to boast of for the remainder of the year. Another feat is climbing the church hill at Golden. It is a block long and quite steep. H. G. Kennedy at present holds the record for the greatest number of ascents without dismounting, having climbed up twenty-seven times in succession.

At Colorado Springs, as also at Pueblo, the rivalry is over the climbing of a very steep hill. In Wyoming there is spirit shown between the Laramie and Cheyenne boys to see which town shall have the honor of being the first to cross the divide between the towns. It is the highest point on the line of the Union Pacific railway and does not open very early in the spring. Hence the early crossing is a matter of considerable difficulty.

Of late years, here as everywhere else, there has grown up a large and powerful class that takes to racing, both on the track and on the road. From the time when the ordinary was in use they have had a great many races in Colorado, and lately they have been making some very good time. On the road the fun started with a contest between two clubs of the city as to which had the better men on the road. To settle the matter each club put up part of the purchase price of a fine silver cup and a business house donated the remainder. The conditions were that three races should be run in as many years, each club being represented by a team of six men, and the club winning the cup twice to be entitled to permanent possession. The last race of the series was run in 1891, and the Ramblers won. Immediately there began the agitation for a permanent road race over the course, and the result was that the next year a crowd of more than fifty contested over the twenty-five-mile course. Ever since then, on Decoration Day, the race has been run, and the interest in the event has been such as to attract riders from all over the west to take part in it. The race is run on what is known as the Platteville course, northeast from the city, over an almost level stretch of ground. On this course last fall J. A. McGuire tried to break the world's record for one hundred miles on the road and succeeded in making the exceedingly creditable time of six hours and six minutes. The record is five hours and fifty-eight minutes.



ENTRANCE TO CLEAR CREEK CANON, NEAR GOLDEN.



TREADWELL MILL, CHLORINATION WORKS, FURNACES,—FRONT VIEW.

## LIFE AMONG THE ALASKANS. III.

THE ALASKA GOLD-FIELDS—WHERE THEY ARE, HOW THEY ARE REACHED,  
AND WHAT THE SIGNS OF PROMISE ARE.

BY JOHN H. KEATLEY.

MANY persons who have never seen Alaska think that its natural resources are of very little value. Though they are not of a greatly diversified character, yet they are by no means insignificant. The space assigned for this paper will not permit any other statement regarding them than what relates to the precious metals.

Gold was discovered by a discharged United States soldier named Haley about the year 1878, in quartz rock, at a place known as Silver Bay, a beautiful and romantic indentation of Norfolk Sound, about twelve miles southeast of Sitka and about two miles from the beach, quite well up the sides of the surrounding mountains. Perhaps a dozen of claims have been developed and patented in that locality, and several small stamp mills erected. The working so far has not been of any great extent, or very profitable, on account of the want of capital and a proper understanding of what is necessary to carry on prosperous gold mining, under the conditions that attend the business in that district. When the obstacles now

existing are overcome, there is every indication that the Sitka mining district will eventually yield great quantities of quartz gold at a fair profit. Most of the failures are due to the fact that the companies in the states investing in such properties have intrusted the actual management of the mines to inexperienced persons, and have, therefore, soon become disappointed, discouraged and wholly disheartened.

In the fall of 1880 several Indians of the Auk village, on Gasteuneaux Channel, nearly two hundred miles northeast of Sitka, on the mainland and near an old Hudson Bay trading post leased from Russia about sixty years ago, came to Sitka, starting a tradition that white men of the company had discovered gold in one of the deep gorges near the shores of the channel, and not far from the post. N. A. Fuller, then the agent of the Northwest Trading Company at Sitka, was inclined to believe the story of this party of Indians; and, to make trial of it, employed Joseph Juneau, a Canadian Frenchman, the nephew of John Juneau the founder

of Milwaukee and of the town of Juneau, in Wisconsin, with another expert white miner and prospector, to go with these Indians to the locality pointed out by them as the site of the rich gold deposits. The journey was a perilous one in winter, in frail Indian canoes, and through the stormy straits which separate the islands off that coast from the mainland. While there was little snow along the shores where they would be compelled to select their camping places on the way up, the gulches and canyons with their openings to the sea were filled with snow and glacial ice, in many places twenty and thirty feet deep. The white prospectors were led by their Indian guides, eventually, to a point within three or four miles of where the town of Juneau now stands, on the shore of Gasteuneaux Channel, and in the vicinity of the Auk village. What is now called Gold Creek, a wild mountain torrent, forced its way from a basin surrounded by very steep mountains several thousand feet in height; but to enter this basin by the stream was impracticable, for the reason that it was obstructed by enormous rocks, hedged in by perpendicular cliffs, and impeded by fallen timber everywhere, in the course of the three miles which led from the mouth of the basin to the entrance of the stream into the sea. The party were so confident from the statements of the Indians that gold existed in that basin that they resolved to ascend one of the cliffs which overhung it, and, after surmounting this great difficulty, found themselves looking down into a deep basin of almost the form of a kettle, but of an area of less than a thousand acres. They followed down a gulch, now known as Icy Gulch, to the bottom of the "kettle," and on the way down discovered a quartz ledge projecting into the gulch rich in gold. Such news travels fast in a region like British Columbia, or Alaska, and by May, the next year, when the snow had disappeared from the basins and canyons of that section, the country was traversed by hundreds of old miners who had several times traveled from old Mexico to the

Arctic circle, in search of placer mining grounds.

A name was given to this basin, it being called Silver Bow Basin, and a prosperous mining town was started, three miles distant on the shore of the channel, and named first Harrisburg, after an old pioneer miner and among the first comers, but afterward Juneau, from the discoverer of gold in that district. Since then, several million dollars of placer gold have been taken from the basin, until that class of mining, at that place, is nearly exhausted; yet some prosperous quartz mining and milling has been done by persons of small capital.

About the date of the discovery of gold in Silver Bow Basin, parties interested there crossed Gasteuneaux Channel, not three miles wide, from the mainland to



THE BLIND SHAMAN (MEDICINE MAN)  
OF YAKUTAT.

Douglas Island, and after considerable prospecting found a valuable quartz ledge, extending for several miles parallel with the shore of the channel, only three or four hundred feet above sea level at that point, and distant from water, deep enough to float an ocean steamer, less than one thousand feet. After some preliminary development and working, United States Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, D. O. Mills and Colonel Fry, of San Francisco, John Treadwell, a contractor and builder well known on the Pacific coast, N. A. Fuller, already mentioned, and Captain Carroll, an Alaska steamer skipper, organized a company called the Alaska Mining and Milling Company, with Treadwell and Fuller as managers on the ground. By 1884, the company had a stamp mill of one hundred and twenty stamps and chlorination works in operation, all the machinery being moved by water, and the mill and the mine separated only by about four hundred feet. The operations had been of so encouraging a character that in 1887-88 they added one hundred and twenty more stamps to their mill, making a total of two hundred and forty, being, it is believed, the largest mill of its kind on this continent.

The mine itself is more properly a large open quarry, with scarcely any tunneling; and all the work during the day is done in open daylight. Since the mill was first started it has seldom stood idle, the mining operations going on at night as well as day, Sundays and holidays, as on the ordinary days of the week, electric light being used everywhere where artificial light is needed. All the drilling for blasting is done with compressed air. All that vast and ponderous mass of machinery is moved by water-power concentrated by means of two ditches, one twenty-five miles and the other ten miles along the face of the mountain, meeting just behind the mill, at an elevation of seven hundred feet, the water being delivered to the great wheel by a twenty-four-inch iron pipe almost perpendicular. These ditches, running parallel with the face of the

mountain, arrest the numerous glacial streams when on their way down the mountain to the sea, and convey their waters to the mill where it is used. A large Corliss engine is always in readiness for work should the weather grow so cold as to obstruct the flow of water in the streams or in the ditches; but this seldom happens on account of the warmth of the oceanic Japan current which strikes the Alaskan coast and tempers the climate at or near sea-level, as the Gulf Stream tempers the waters of the Atlantic.

The company now owns nine thousand lineal feet of a ledge parallel with the beach and near to it,—an inexhaustible supply, from present indications. The capacity of the plant now is about nine thousand tons of ore every twenty-four hours. It is difficult to get at the inmost secrets of the company regarding the yield per ton of gold, but persons on the outside who are acquainted with the yield of similar ledges claim that the quartz of the Alaska Mining and Milling Company yields about seven dollars per ton, with a cost of from two to three dollars per ton for reduction, showing that, though it is a low grade-rock, the cheapness of reduction creates an ample margin of profit. The fact that water-power is entirely available, that the steamers come within five hundred feet of the mine, and that there is practically no cost of transportation from the mine to the mill, makes this an exceedingly profitable enterprise. This is the largest mining plant in the territory. Well developed ledges have been discovered along the face of the same mountains and in the same vicinity, with great improvements in progress, mostly through foreign capital.

Upon several of the larger of the islands off that portion of the coast of Alaska great quantities of gold-bearing quartz have been found, and capital in liberal amounts is being invested in mining improvements. In one or two of the Aleutian Islands gold quartz has been found in paying quantities and is being successfully worked by San Francisco capital and enterprise. This is particularly the



case of Unga Island, where a species of cannel coal has also been found, easy of access by steamers.

The most interesting gold field in Alaska is on the upper waters of the Yukon river and its tributaries. There is no question but immense quantities of placer gold have been found in that region, but the difficulties of climate render its availability very problematical at present. The season for mining, under the most favorable circumstances, is there very short, owing to the long and severe winters when the ground is frozen to a great depth. Several hundreds of hardy and experienced prospectors have each year invaded that section, generally by a difficult Indian trail over the Coast Range, a distance of thirty or forty miles, at what is known as the Chilcatt Pass.

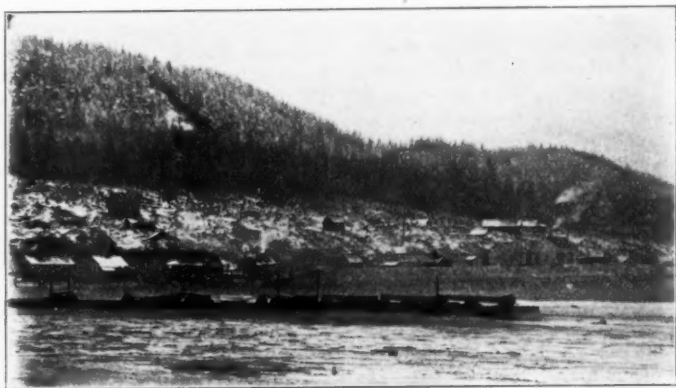
The establishment of a trading post, called Fort Cudahy, far up the Yukon, and the operating of a line of steamers by the way of Bering Sea, afford another opportunity for reaching the reputed gold-fields of the upper Yukon Valley. Until science enters this field to overcome some of the natural difficulties attendant upon gold mining in the Yukon country, the prospect of ultimate success is not a very brilliant one.

The truth is that the gold mining industry of Alaska is in its infancy, with rich prospects ahead by the employment of capital and intelligence. Prospecting

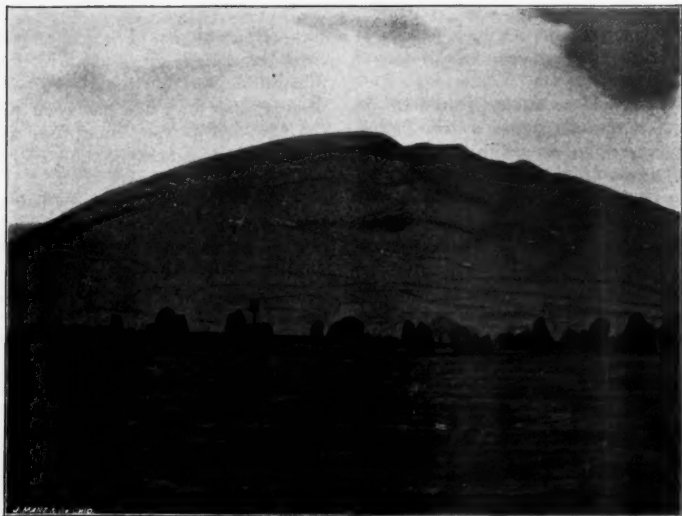
has scarcely begun. The general government has done nothing whatever toward mineral exploration in Alaska. Every discovery so far made has been wholly the result of private enterprise, and in very many instances at the expense of great individual suffering.

In only one or two instances has there been any discovery of silver. In 1889 this metal was found in the gulch of Sheep's Creek, several miles along the beach from Juneau, and nearly opposite the Douglass Island mines and mill; but no satisfactory development has been made to accurately test its value. Nowhere else in the territory have I heard of any silver discoveries. In fact, the class of miners and prospectors who have so far gone to Alaska care very little about finding silver, their utmost efforts being directed to the discovery of gold.

There is one thing in conclusion which may be said respecting gold mining in Alaska, and that is, wherever gold has been found it will require capital in quite a large mass to operate it successfully. The rock, so far, yields no fabulous sums per ton; and, in order to make it pay, the quartz must be milled in large quantities in large mills. It is simply a waste of time and money for men to go there with small plants and to operate such. This experience has shown; and all the successes, so far, are due to the fact that a contrary policy has been pursued.



BEAR'S NEST MINE, DOUGLAS ISLAND.



THE DRUIDIC CIRCLE.

## ALONG ENGLISH HEDGE-ROWS. I.

THE FALLS OF LODORE — SOUTHEY'S HOME — BOWDER STONE, DRUIDIC CIRCLE AND KESWICK.

By G. W. E. HILL.

BEFORE leaving home I had given a friend a pledge to visit his parents in Cumberland, and when the time drew near and I began to study maps for route, imagine my delight to find that Low Mill, the home of those I sought, was at Keswick, right in the heart of England's famous Lake Region, and near the homes of Southey, Ruskin, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Harriet Martineau. With pleasant anticipations of a tramp through this rarest bit of English scenery, we took the train at Kilmarnock for Keswick, *via* Carlisle and Penrith. We tarried for the night at Carlisle and took a peep, in the early morning, at the fine old cathedral, also the castle every stone of which is alive with interest, and then proceeded on to Penrith where we change for Keswick. While awaiting train, the time was pleasantly spent rambling about the ruins of Penrith castle and other old buildings in that quaint town.

There are several routes by which one may enter the mountain-guarded Lake Region. Coming south from Scotland one may reach it *via* Penrith, or may take the way by Solway Firth to Workington and thence to Keswick. If you decide to visit this favored spot as you go north from Liverpool, you can change cars at Carnforth and go along the shore of Morecambe Bay to Furness; thence to Lakeside at the southern end of Lake Windemere, and thence by boat to Ambleside. Or, if you prefer, keep farther north and leave the main line at Kendal Junction and walk or ride across to Windemere Village and proceed by boat and coach. Keswick is the vantage ground from which the more interesting points may be most easily reached.

The Lake Region proper comprises about eight hundred and forty square miles of area. Here the land seems to have been heaved and tossed by volcanic

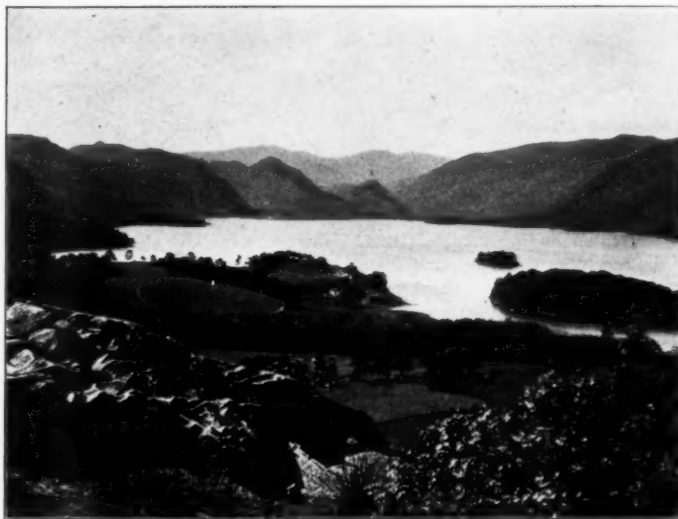
action, glacier and cloud-burst. There are few railroads in this region; but almost perfect roadways and a splendid coaching system make all points comparatively easy of access. In fact the outlook from the upper deck of a coach is so much more desirable than from the narrow window of a musty and uncleanly railway carriage that one never misses the railways. Within this small area are twenty-nine mountains from 1,597 to 3,229 feet in height; twelve passes from 783 to 2,002 feet above sea level; fifteen lakes varying in length from one mile to ten miles, and in width from one-half mile to three miles; and, as a grand climax, ten waterfalls from fifty to one hundred and sixty feet in height.

Amid such surroundings dwelt the famous group known as the Lake Poets. Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Ruskin, Arnold, Johnson, De Quincy, Harriet Martineau and other literary great ones have spent much time here. It has been a favorite resort for men and women of letters, and among these sylvan shades and to the music of these silvery cascades

have been penned some of the world's best literature. Here is a tract comprising only about as much area as two of our midland counties, but replete with history, song and story. Every nook and corner of this region is filled with literary traditions. Here the spirits of sages and philosophers long since at rest seem ever with us.

We went to Keswick for a day, and spent a whole delightful week among the mountain solitudes and rolling pasture lands thereabouts. We watched from Friar's Crag the sunlight dance on Derwent Water and in quiet rapture saw the "water of Lodore" drop down into its quiet river-bed. Mountains, lakes, waterfalls and literary associations lend to these two shires of Cumberland and Westmoreland a peculiar charm.

From Penrith to Keswick we threaded a perfect labyrinth of picturesque beauty,—lovely valley lands, wonderful roadways reaching skyward, meadows where sleek and fat sheep grazed, sheep-cotes where at night the herder rounds up his flock, towering mountains, their



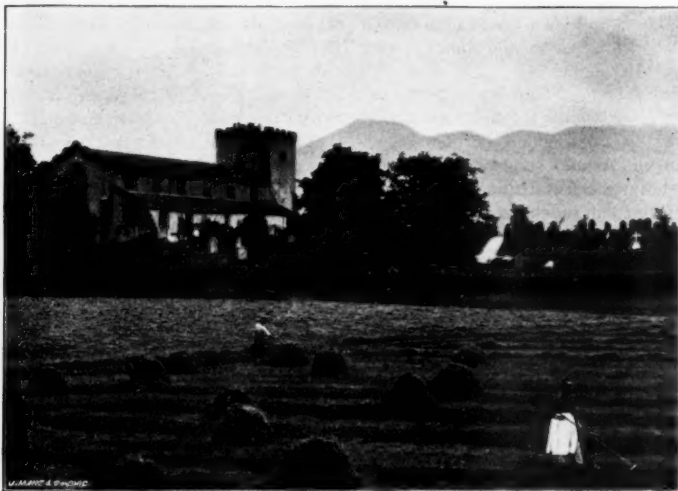
DERWENT WATER, FROM CASTLE RIGG.

summits hidden by the purpling clouds, rivers tumbling in a mad gambol to the sea, and lakes reflecting as a mirror the whole wondrous scene. As we rolled along in the glorious light of that June morning, the effect produced by water, mountain, hamlet, flocks and flowers was indescribably beautiful.

At Keswick station we were met by our friends and conducted to their cheerful home, Low Mill. The house has a sort of double existence. One roof covers the whole building, but one-half of the structure is a water-mill. This mill-

tables, eggs and butter. There are many clean and excellent hotels and business houses. The city lies in the valley of the Greta and between the two beautiful mountain lakes, Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite Water, the former three miles in length by one and one-half in width, and the latter four miles long by one half mile in width. The town is romantically situated on the banks of the little river. Near Keswick are some of the best graphite mines in the world.

One of the most important features of Keswick is the old cathedral of Cross-



CROSSHWAITE CATHEDRAL.—THE BURIAL PLACE OF SOUTHEY.

house is located on the famous Greta. From the rear door we could look upon the gardens of Greta House, about thirty rods away, where dwelt for forty years the poet laureate, Southey. Greta House is built of white stone. The gardens are ample and beautiful, and over all is the mantle of Southey's poesy.

Keswick is full of interest,—narrow streets, low wynds, queer old tile-roofed houses, the market square in the center of the city where each Saturday country lass and mountain swain meet to exchange their vows and sell fresh vege-

thwaite, a massive stone pile, built in the tenth century. In a quiet nook of the old church-yard lie the ashes of Southey, while within the church rests the life-size statue of the poet. At the east end of the town is Castle Rigg, an eminence about one thousand feet in height, and the view from the summit is unrivaled in extent and beauty. Below are Derwent Water, the vales of Keswick and Borrowdale, to the left and in the distance the expanse of Bassenthwaite Water.

Short trips may be made to many points of interest adjacent. Skiddaw Mountain,

3,058 feet in height, overlooks the valley. A splendid road, six miles in length, reaches to the crest. In the summer season the sun, watched from the summit of Skiddaw, sets at 12 o'clock midnight and rises at 2 A. M.

At the upper end of Derwent Water are the falls of Lodore,—

"Where the water comes down with its rush and its roar."

The song is familiar to every student of the old-time school reader. Standing at the foot of the cataract we seemed to see once more the old log school-house at

upon a narrow edge, and in one place, where the rock is somewhat broken, one party can reach through the crevice and shake the hand of the party on the opposite side. A flight of steps reaches to the summit and by the payment of one penny you may ascend to the crest of the rock, thirty-six feet.

Another pleasant trip is to the Druidic Circle, located about one-half way up Saddle Mountain. Thirty-eight stones, some of them weighing thirty tons each, are arranged in a circle. In one place six stones form a rude altar. Here, more



GRETA HALL, KESWICK — THE HOME OF SOUTHEY.

home, and could hear the droning voices of the children reading in concert "The Falls of Lodore." But it is a pretty bit, and we do not wonder that Southey burst into song as he looked upon it.

A short distance beyond are the Barrow Falls, and two miles further down the road lies the huge Bowder stone, weighing 1,970 tons. In some primeval upheaval this rock was tossed from its resting place upon the mountain side and hurled to the valley below. It is poised

than one thousand years ago, the Druids met to worship and offer their human sacrifices to appease their angry gods. By what mechanism that rude people carried these stones and placed them here is a riddle that staggers the antiquarian. There they are, occupying not only space but a place in the story of the world's progress. Solemn stillness reigns about them. Resting there, a thousand feet above the valley, as they have rested for ages, and as they will remain till

the last trump shall sound, they tell their own story of a race long extinct and of a religion now dead.

It is a delightful drive around Derwent Water, allowing you to visit the two waterfalls, the Bowder stone, the openings to Borrowdale, and Portinscale. Then you must go out to Friar's Crag, a narrow point extending into the lake, and in the sunset hour set your skiff afloat on Derwent Water. It will be an hour of rare delight. You float by Lord's Isle, named in honor of the Earls of Derwent, —the last of whom lost his head in the cause of the Stuarts in 1715. Green and mossy with beautiful shade and lovely villas are Herbert's and Derwent Islands.

Floating Island is one of the many green spots on Derwent Water. It is simply a mass of decaying vegetation which from time to time rises to the surface. From your boat outlook on the bosom of the lake you get a fine view of Scawfell, Skiddaw, Blencathara, Grisedale Pike and Cat Bells.

We found the Greta Pencil Works not the least of the interesting features of this graphite region.

In the twilight we wandered along the banks of the Greta, past Greta Hall to old Crosssthaite cathedral, and lingered long in the quiet church-yard, near the poet laureate's grave. In the gloaming of another day we went to Skiddaw's summit and watched the dying day merge into the morning. On still another evening we climbed Castle Rigg and gazed on peaceful Keswick vale, the blue lakes and the winding river.

Four miles from Keswick is the home of John Ruskin. Each year, in the month of July, a great annual conference is held at Keswick, and from all parts of Britain come the thinkers to take part in a gathering very like our Chautauqua. At this season Keswick teems with busy life; but at other times it is a quiet, restful, mountain town, a scholar's resting spot, a poet's dream.



## SONNET.

### LOVE'S AMBASSADOR.

SWEET rose! yet heavy with the scented dew,  
 I send thee with a message unto her,  
 Whose lightest word mine inmost soul doth stir.  
 To-day, she may forget the frowns I knew  
 Last night, when bitterly I said adieu  
 To all dear joys and springing hopes that were  
 Linked with her favor. Oh! do thou aver  
 I love her with a passion, deep and true,  
 Beyond all change; that knows no loss nor gain.  
 I would thy loveliness had power to mark  
 If yet her heart mine image doth retain.  
 Oh! heart! that once upon my heart hath lain,  
 Hope lights one glimmering candle in my dark,  
 That this, my message may not be in vain!

ATLANTIC, IOWA.

*Bertha Cressup Morrison.*



## LOOKING DOWN UPON AIX LA CHAPELLE.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. VII.

IT is a beautiful May day, come a month ahead of its time. The air is so warm that one could not wish it were warmer, and yet so cool as to inspire thankfulness that it is no cooler. We will, as our German friends say, make a walk. Instinctively we turn our faces toward St. Salvator's height. We pass the old drinking fountain in Alexander strasse, up Sandkaul strasse alive with children of all sizes and conditions, taking our way in the middle of the street in order to avoid collision with them at their games; on and up, due north, across the broad and beautifully parked Ludwig allee, or avenue, then up a steep hill by a terraced foot-path; thence by a winding path past the stations representing the several stages of the Savior's passion, and, finally, after a hard climb and only about fifteen minute's walk, we are seated in the shade of the church of St. Salvator, and looking down upon the city of Aix la Chapelle, the neighboring city of Burtscheid, and a beautiful stretch of farms and fields. The scene is bordered far to the east and west by forests, which are the property of the two cities respectively and by their respective corporations are made and at all times kept accessible to pedestrians and carriages. At intervals in the woods, or along the road-sides leading thereto, are places of restauration, where visitors stop to take their rest and (with or without bread and cheese as they please) leisurely sip their coffee, hot milk or beer. The most popular of these out-of-town resorts is perhaps Carlshöhe, three miles from Aix and about a thousand feet above the sea, a picturesque plateau with a Swiss chalet and concert stage in the background. Linzenshäuschen is farther south in the midst of the Aix forest. Here an old tower has been converted into a restaurant and the heights back of the tower

are on holidays alive with people, whole families sitting at tables under the trees, viewing the panorama and refreshing themselves.

When the German has a holiday, he makes it a family affair.

Before we look down upon Aix, let us go around the northeast side of St. Salvator. Here another rare view presents itself. Just across the ravine on our left, well up the steep height of Lousberg, stands "the Belvedere," a unique building which looks more like an immense observatory than a place of restauration, in the rotunda of which many of the city's subscription concerts are held. To the north extends a beautiful expanse of green and brown fields. In the background are patches of woods. Here and there is to be seen a village, its tall smokestacks indicating the presence of the industries which give it life, and its church spire telling the ever present story of the cross.

Upon an open height beyond the picturesque little village of Haaren, stands out against the sky an immense double cross.

In all directions are seen perfect roadways, some with a line of sandstone paving in the center, others firm and well-rounded by the application of broken stone as it is needed, and all speaking volumes in encouragement of the Good Roads movement in the States.

Let us talk of St. Salvator a moment and then we will return to our seat in the shade and to our view of the city beneath us. One of the churches which the visitor can never forget is this in whose solemn presence we stand. We nowhere escape its presence. From the Belgian heights beyond Vaals, from the Eiffel forest southeast of the city, from Carlshöhe, Linzenshäuschen, Eilendorf, Haaren, from Paulina Wäldchen to the north,

from many of the streets and windows in the twin cities below, the soft dark gray stone tower, unique in fashion and bold in height, stands out against the sky, many times a surprise, and ever a pleasant one. The church is always open and candles are always burning on its altar; but services are rarely if ever held here. During the day there is scarcely a time when there are not at least a few devotees kneeling in the pews. This church, recently in part restored, was built by Louis Debonnaire way back in the ninth century.

The height upon which it stands, Salvatorsberg, was by Louis named "Devil's Defeat." Surely the devil would find it hard to gain a victory within the range of these places of prayer, these stations of the cross, and in the presence of these devout worshipers going in and out of the church.

There is a tradition that when Louis gave the church to the city, it was with the condition that it should be kept in good repair, always open for worship and with at least one candle burning on the altar, and that at five o'clock in the morning a monk from the monastery below should climb the hill and ring the bell. I only know the candle is burning,

the door is not locked, and the church is kept in excellent condition.

Resuming our seat, we pause long enough to wink at a bright, curly-haired baby in its mother's lap near by, and to note with pity a consumptive old man, in civilian uniform of some sort, who bows reverently before the crucifix as he enters the church-door.

The city in the valley before us seems so near that one feels he can almost jump off the hill and into the parked allee below. It is not a small city. Aix la Chapelle is variously estimated, but surely must have a population of 110,000. Burtscheid, separated from Aix only by the high embankment and immense culverts of the railroad leading to Cologne, has a population of at least 15,000. The streets of Aix irregularly center about the great cathedral of Charlemagne and the Rathaus, or city hall, which was completed in 1370, occupying a portion of the site of the first Rathaus built by Charlemagne late in the eighth century. Of this historic structure, more hereafter.

Leaving till another time a description of the interesting interiors of these structures, let us look at their exteriors. From this point of view they seem to be parts of one immense edifice. In other



RATHAUS AND MARKET PLACE, AIX LA CHAPELLE.



PONT THOR, THE SEAGATE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF AIX LA CHAPELLE.

years they were connected by a palace and a priory, and a portion of the latter still remains, though in process of restoration.

The cathedral of Aix la Chapelle, from which the city obtained the distinctive feature of its name, is as impressive in appearance as it is interesting in its his-

torical associations. It consists of two distinct parts, its architecture representing two eras. The octagon, Byzantine in style, was first built by Italian architects and workmen. It was begun in the year 798 and completed in 804. The eight gables of the central structure represent the thirteenth century and the lofty roof the

seventeenth. The octagon is surrounded by chapels built by pious monarchs of the middle ages. The choir is an addition so large as to give great dignity to the composite structure and so beautiful as to invite a more detailed inspection at another time. This singularly constructed cathedral, representing "many men of many minds," stands out above all else inviting the gaze, its rich gray-black walls telling their own story of great age and of mediæval aspiration.

The Rathaus is a building of striking singularity. It is a Gothic edifice built in the fourteenth century upon the site of and partly of material from the old palace of Charlemagne. It is undergoing restoration, a recent fire having compelled extensive repairs. Its façade is highly ornate and is replete with niches for statues. In the ancient fruit market in front of the Rathaus is the old bronze statue of Charlemagne, the age of which is unknown. In this building is a grand coronation hall in which thirty-two kings and twelve queens have in their time banqueted after their coronation. How very dead they all are now! Ask any one of the old market women who have spent their lives under the shadow of this building, ask any one of them to tell you something — anything — of the great events in European history which have occurred here, or of the men and women who have here been honored, and, as they fondly believed, immortalized, and she will shake her head, shrug her shoulders, and very likely tell you she sells oranges, and has some very good ones at a mark and thirty pfennigs a dozen, and some not as good for a mark!

A famous resort in Aix is the *Elisenbrunnen*, a spring in the center of the city, above and about which a large open rotunda has been built, the roof sustained by great Doric columns. Here the hot sulphur spring flows continually, as it flowed when the Romans came; and later when Charlemagne came; and hither the sick, the well, the old, the young congregate to drink its health-giving and health-saving waters, to prom-

enade in the beautiful flower garden in the rear, to sip coffee or beer, and to visit under the broad porches of the long wing on the left, or to read the papers in the large reading-room on the right. This is one of several hot springs in Aix. Over the others stand large bath houses and hotels.

There is in the "lay" of the streets a suggestion of a circle drawn through the interior of the city at about equal distance from the cathedral. Not a geometrical circle such as somehow irritates the stranger on visiting Annapolis; but a fascinating curve to the streets, with raised walks and at irregular intervals old towers in ruins and immense turreted gates. The reader has already guessed that this is the line of the old wall which once encircled the city, now turned into promenade grounds. The Pont Thor, or sea-gate, below us is a huge structure, or rather two structures connected by a high wall. Through this fourteenth century gate now run the city's horse cars. Upon a slight elevation, nearer still, is a larger tower. From the debris of its ruined top-walls small gnarled trees and long grasses have sprung. The effect is extremely picturesque. Around this tower and under the great trees near by, the children play the games their fourteenth century ancestors played, the games which midland children play. Towers decay, but the simple joys of childhood are eternal. Far to the south looms the gray black tower of Marschier Thor, also a fourteenth century relic. This is a still larger structure, but in a much better state of preservation.

Through this gate have marched thousands of the "unreturning brave," to be "trodden like the grass" upon distant fields of battle. Now the lumbering cart laden with cloth from the woolen mills or produce from the farm wakes the echoes in this old tower. The watchman looks out of his little window half way up the wall, and with a mental "all's well" resumes his drowsy watch.

Lange Thurm, to the west, commands a fine view, but aside from the old, ruined

wall connected with it, is not so much of a curiosity, for it has been thoroughly renewed, and inside looks very modern. The old inscription above the entrance tells of the sixteenth century. If you would enter, you must knock at the door of a house at the foot of the high hill and when the little maiden answers your call, you tell her you want the key to the tower. She divines your meaning and exclaims, "Ah, schlüssel! ya, ya," and in a minute she appears with an immense key, and running on ahead she opens the door, and bids you enter with the air of one who owns.

To the west, beyond the Antwerp station, is the Zoölogical garden, worth a nearer view. To the south is the Polytechnic institute, a large and costly edifice. Churches are everywhere to be seen, several of them hundreds of years old. Convent schools, abbeys, public schools, the high school, the weaving school, the deaf and dumb institute, the several charitable institutions, chief among which is the Maria Hilf hospital, just below us, surrounded by several hundred acres of park, scores of great factories and hundreds of small ones, these are the distinguishing features of the view before us. And beginning at the foot of Salvatorsberg, and extending irregularly to Burt-

scheid on the south, is an alley, or avenue, under several names, which is one of the most beautiful and widest thoroughfares in Europe. It consists of two wide drives, with two equally wide promenades in the center, and between these promenades a stretch of green. Rows of immense trees shade the walks and at intervals at the upper end are seats for weary pedestrians, and mothers and nurses with children. This is the great artery of New Aachen.

I might here explain that latterly, especially since the weakening of French influences following the Franco-Prussian war, the city is becoming more and more Germanized, even to the almost complete extinction of the name "Aix la Chapelle" and the general use of the German name "Aachen." New Aachen has its many wide streets, great factories, capacious and attractive shops, elegant mansions, fountains, statues, and other features of interest. But, nevertheless, old Aachen with its narrow and winding streets and alleys, its quaint tile-roofed houses and shops and inns, its family-descended industries, its medieval churches and cloisters, its museums, its springs with a history which dates back to the time of the Romans, still holds its own, in business as in general interest.

## FORGIVEN.

WHILE she still lived, alas!  
 She brought me woe;  
 If I but saw her pass  
 Swift tears would flow.

But now that over her  
 The grasses grow,  
 Hastening to cover her  
 From rain and snow,

I can feel only this:  
 Once she was dear,  
 She once brought joy and bliss—  
 Would she were here!

*Ninette M. Lowater.*

## A HASTY CONCLUSION.

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

LUKE SHIELD was an Indian, and yet he wanted to work! He was an Indian—and ambitious! He was only twenty and yet he had already known the sting of disappointed ambition, and felt his life to be in some sense a failure; for had he not run away from home to join a party going east “for an education?” and had not the Doctor, because of nothing more than a troublesome cough, insisted upon sending him back to the dry climate of Dakota at the expiration of two years? His father, and perhaps some other people, would have said that two years was quite long enough time in which to acquire an education,

but Luke knew better. There was a pathetic gleam in the black eyes that looked so frankly out of a thin, wide-featured, characteristically Indian face.

Nevertheless, being young and, as we have said, not lazy, Luke had made up his mind on the way home to go at once to the agent, and ask for a position in the agency blacksmith shop. Blacksmithing had been his trade at school, of which he had fairly learned the rudiments. His interview with Major Burke had left him with a sort of stunned, bewildered sensation. The Major (by courtesy only) was a large, portly man, with a smooth, florid face and not a prepossessing gray eye.

“Well, there isn’t any room for you now,” he had said. “But if there happens to be a vacancy by and by, I’ll be sure and remember you. Better go home and help your old father on his farm. Come into the office, when you’re at the agency, and don’t get discouraged.” And with that he had turned again to his papers.

As Luke set out, on the back of a borrowed pony, for the Grand River Camp forty miles away, it must be confessed that he was not particularly impatient to embrace his relatives, and that his recollections of home did not suggest any such picture as the agent had conjured up. As nearly as he could remember the “farm” had generally consisted of a few uneven hills of corn and a little melon-patch, cultivated principally by his mother. He did not fancy the idea of



ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.







living again as they had all used to live, as it was brought forcibly to mind by the families he saw around their ragged *tepees*, encamped in the blazing sun near the agency, where every passing team enveloped them in a cloud of choking dust.

For the first few miles he jogged slowly along, and his thoughts went regretfully back to the pleasant school life which he had so unwillingly left behind him. But as the sun dropped lower into the west, as the hard prairie road rang cheerfully under his pony's hoofs, and the strong wind of the prairie blew full into his face, the old exhilaration began to return. The lonely rider bent over to shorten his stirrups, straightened up again and tightened his grasp on the reins, and the white pony started at once into a long, easy lope that in three hours would cover the thirty good miles that yet lay between him and his home.

By the time Luke reached the straggling Indian settlement that lay along the bank of the Grand River, he was ravenously hungry, and conscious besides of a pleasant excitement that urged him on. Everything had the queer look that belongs to a familiar face after long absence. The ground sloped gently toward the little river, with its ragged fringe of cottonwoods and stunted elms, luminous now in the light of the setting sun. Here and there along the bottom-lands could be descried a cabin of unhewn logs, an untidy cluster of haystacks, or a rudely fenced little field. Prettier far were the groups of cone-shaped *tepees*, gleaming white among the trees.

It was toward one of these last that Luke guided his foam-streaked pony, and as he galloped closer, he saw the whole family clustered outside. His mother, shapeless and good-hearted as ever, in her dingy, wide-sleeved gown, was stooping over a black pot that swung above the blaze. His father lay on the ground at full length, luxuriously smoking his long, red pipe. The penetrating odor of freshly-roasted coffee was wafted to the nostrils of the hungry boy! He

flung himself off into the midst of the group and was received with loud acclamations—the excited barking of the dogs mingling with the glad cries of his mother and sisters, while his father looked on complacently, and the younger children watched the new-comer from a safe distance, their open-mouthed curiosity not unmingled with shyness.

For a few days Luke enjoyed the return to this primitive life. There was a rude abundance of food; and the boy's palate relished the coarse but savory fare, even though it was set before him on the ground, in a tin basin. It was warm enough to sleep in the big covered wagon, or indeed almost anywhere, and the neighbors all made much of him at first, and there was nothing to do but to lounge in the shade and water the ponies.

Very soon, however, the situation lost its apparent novelty, and the boy grew homesick for the school, and profoundly discontented with his squalid surroundings. His hair had already grown untidily long, and his neat, dark-blue uniform was soiled. He gained permission to sleep in the new log house, which none of the family occupied in summer, and having driven to the agency for his trunk and made a few purchases at the traders' store out of the few dollars remaining in his pocket from his earnings at school, he swept and garnished the hut of one room and took up his abode therein. He had two changes of clothing in his trunk, and was enabled by means of soap, wash-basin and comb, to appear in neat and self-respecting trim once more; but, although they did not say much, Luke felt that these changes were unappreciated by his family, and even regarded by them with covert suspicion.

It was with the hope of redeeming himself in the eyes of his father—a tall, Roman-nosed, and exceedingly taciturn old man, who seldom condescended to anything like severe exertion—that Luke asked him, one day, if he might cut some hay. Old High Hawk made no objection, and the boy accordingly

joined a party of hay-makers who made an extended picnic of this midsummer harvest. He worked for nearly a fortnight, leaving, as the result of his labors, a large, round stack of the coarse prairie grass in the bottoms, which would certainly be appreciated by the ponies in the snow storms of the following winter.

Haying over, the lack of useful occupation in an Indian camp again made itself painfully felt. The young men of his own age were busy attending the "Omaha" dances, and after having been up most of the night, they naturally did not care to do much in the daytime but eat, doze, and look after their ponies. The only center of civilizing influence within reach was the day-school, three miles away; and here Luke finally decided to call, with a vague hope of finding some odd "chores" to do, or even of attending the school himself. He was civilly received by the young man who presided here, and invited to take a seat in the school-room, where he witnessed without much edification the performances of a mob of ragged, undisciplined children and where, having stayed to recess, his modest hint at a desire to "get work" fell very flat indeed.

That evening he thought he might as well go to the dance, to look on. He had been asked several times before, but declined, remembering that since he joined the church he had learned to regard it as wrong, and never having really felt a desire to see it again. However, it was brilliant moonlight and there was certainly a rude fascination in the scene. Luke stood with a group of other young men outside one of the windowless apertures in the circular log hut used for a dance house, and watched the extraordinary gyrations of nude and painted figures in the shadowy, fire-lit interior. In the intervals of dancing they listened to recitals of daring and bloody deeds, illustrated with dramatic gestures. Drum-beats, rude chants and cat-calls made the night hideous.

Occasionally the young men turned their attention to some girls who were

looking at the dance through another opening in the hut; and Luke, who had wrapped his head and shoulders, like the others, in a large piece of cotton cloth, followed their crude flirtations with his eyes. He noticed particularly one young girl dressed in red, her face half concealed by white drapery, who looked the native coquette to perfection, in the softening moonlight. She seemed to feel his eyes upon her, for presently she moved a little apart from the rest. He edged round to her side, and bent to whisper in her willing ear. A half-hour later the mischief was done, and the young man left the dance, with its weird, monotonous music still ringing in his ears, and with a new, sudden impulse kindling his blood to flame.

It must be confessed that Luke met this new temptation with but very slight resistance. He scarcely even recognized it as a temptation at all. With the other young men of his acquaintance, Indian courtship and "Indian marriages," reckless and devoid of sacredness or permanence, were simply matters of course. Luke had "joined the church" six months before, and had seemed as earnest as any of the large class who took that significant step with him; but, alas! how little he apprehended even the principles of common morality (as we count them) neither his conscientious Sunday-school teacher nor the kind-hearted minister could know! That gentle teacher of his, however, had seemed to the boy a good angel beyond all the rest, and with a dim sense of feeling after more light, he decided on the very day after the dance to write her a letter. He got a small bottle of ink and a steel pen out of his trunk, with some sheets of ruled paper, and as there was no table in the cabin, wrote laboriously on a board laid across his knees:—

GRAND RIVER, N. D., Aug., 180—.

MISS A. BROWN:

*My dear friend,*—This is not good place to live. No church on Sunday, and I never see any of the boys I know. Indians here all too wild. Dance all the time. I like to work but the agent did not have anything for me to

40. I cut sixteen loads of hay. I am very glad for it.

I saw one girl yesterday. She like me very much and maybe I marry her. What think? Please write to me soon as you take this letter. I shake hands with you in my heart. I remember you always.

Yours truly friend,

LUKE SHIELD.

Please ask them to sing 118 for me.

This last was a common request with the boys and referred to the number of a favorite hymn to be sung at the weekly prayer-meeting in memory, as it were, of the absent one. The *naïve* and bare simplicity of this letter startled Miss Brown not a little, and she answered it promptly; but there is no post-office nearer Grand River than forty miles, and before her long, kind letter of advice and encouragement could reach the boy, he had given the rein to impulse, and had taken actual possession of the first young creature who happened to inflame his fancy.

For a few days the elopement is the talk of the neighborhood, but the comments upon it are not severe and convey no moral censure. It is a surprise to the whole village when two native police in blue uniforms ride up to the door of High Hawk's cabin, only three short weeks from the moonlight night on which Luke Shield first spoke to the girl dressed in red, and announce to the young couple that the agent has sent for them. They start away under escort; the girl less embarrassed than her young bridegroom, who feels vaguely ashamed of himself and of her, as she rides beside him. She is mounted astride of her calico pony, like any Indian belle; her vivid green robe, with its scant skirt and flowing sleeves, is not over-clean; her plaid shawl is drawn up over the roughened black hair; brass bangles nearly cover her brown arms; her heavy and rather stolid features are disfigured with vermilion. Is this a mate for Luke Shield?

The pair so obviously unsuited to one another are hustled unceremoniously into the agent's dingy little office, and the tobacco-scented presence of Major Burke.

He assumes a jocose air, which the coarse-minded man regards as appropriate to the situation. The half-breed interpreter is called in.

"Well, Luke, what does this mean, eh? Running off with a girl, you scamp—after all the good teaching you have had! Do you want to marry her?"

"Yes," mutters Luke, desperately ill at ease, half wishing but not daring to say no.

"And you, young lady, do you want to marry him?"

This question is interpreted to the girl, who does not at all realize its significance, for, according to her own ideas, she is sufficiently married already. She bashfully assents, however, and the Major pronounces them man and wife. He shakes hands impressively with them both, and a shame-faced couple—one of them at heart rebellious, the other only bewildered—mount their ponies and return to camp. In this summary fashion a very important question has been settled.

After the pair have left the office, Major Burke turns to his audience, the interpreter and the clerk. "Just what I expected," he says, "of these eastern school graduates. Your educated Indians don't amount to much, after all; and if they must go to school at Uncle Sam's expense, the schools right here on the agency are good enough for any of 'em." The oracle has spoken.

As the weeks go by, however, Luke grows more and more dissatisfied with his coarse and untaught little bride, and with the meddling of his ill-natured mother-in-law. One day the girl goes home and remains over night without asking her husband's permission. As for him, he acts promptly and with decision. His pony is caught and saddled for a two hundred-mile ride, ostensibly to visit some distant cousins at another agency. His mother is the only person apprised of his intention, and no date is set for his return.

## II.

A tall, well-built youth is standing in the door of a little blacksmith shop on a

sunny afternoon in early spring. He looks very manly with his coat off and sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, displaying the muscular brown arms. Over the bare, undulating prairie, now faintly tinged with green, a lumbering farm wagon approaches. It stops before the open door of the shop, and the loud, cheerful voice of "Jim" Harvey—one of the well-to-do white men with Indian wives, who reap the principal benefits of the reservation system, calls out:

"Hello, Luke! That off hoss, there, has just dropped a shoe!"

While the young blacksmith deftly replaces the lost shoe, and at the same time answers the questions of the big, good-natured ranchman, he carefully avoids meeting the eye of pretty Mary Harvey, perched on the high spring seat at her father's side. She, however, is not so shy. Her curly, dark "bangs" peep from under the brim of a sophisticated straw hat, her trimly shod foot shows natively below the hem of her pink calico frock, and she unquestionably casts several coquettish glances in the young man's direction.

"How're you getting on, Luke?" demands Mr. Harvey. "Business pretty good?"

"Not much money; Indians too poor," is the laconic response. For the "assistant blacksmith" in the camps receives no wages, but depends upon the fees paid by the Indians for horse-shoeing and trifling repairs. His custom is small; the people have very little money, and by going to the agency shop, they can have their work done gratuitously.

"Why don't you get a place on the herd? Pretty good wages—thirty or forty dollars a month. The work's hard; but you're not lazy, Luke; and all you young fellows can ride! Put y'r money into cattle, every quarter, and have a herd of y'r own! That's the talk for anybody that wants to get a start."

The horse is shod and the wagon jolts on over the prairie—the charming Mary a trifle piqued at the apparent failure of her little ruses to attract attention—

while Luke seriously ponders this new and hopeful suggestion. He has already found friends at Cherry Creek, an outlying settlement of the agency he went to "visit," and the center of a comparatively advanced and industrious population. Several mixed-blood families live near St. Agatha's chapel, where Robert Owen, one of their number educated by the church, acts as catechist, and all dwell in commodious log houses of several rooms and dress and live in civilized fashion. Luke has put his past resolutely behind him, and no one here knows of the deserted bride but two hundred miles away! He really does want to "get a start"; and the result of this conversation is that within a fortnight or so he is flourishing a heavy "quirt" and a flapping sombrero, as he gallops about the immense agency herd.

This cow-boy life is rather agreeable for a time, with its hard riding and wholesome days out-of-doors. The young fellow who spent so many weary hours in the school hospital is apparently well in the bracing atmosphere of the plains. Both native refinement and acquired scruples, however, cause him to shrink from the rowdiness and profanity of his companions at the "herd camp." All are half-breeds except himself, and their evenings and leisure hours are mainly passed in gambling, varied by an occasional drunken quarrel. Sunday is like every other day in the week; and as the herd camp is in a remote corner of the reservation, there are no good influences at hand to counteract the poison.

After a couple of weeks Luke finds himself on the detail to drive in a "bunch" of cattle to the agency corral, whence they are to be issued to the Indians for food. The "beef issue" is a gala day for the people, and whole families are out in their holiday dress; the men and many of the girls on horseback, with gay trappings of tasseled bridles and beaded saddle-blankets; the older women and children in the wagons that cluster thick about the corral; and all



forming a brilliant moving tableau against the background of vivid green.

The spurred and picturesquely hatted cowboys (Luke among the number) are rounding up the frightened steers at one end of the enclosure, and crowding them into a narrow chute, where they are forced to endure the painful touch of the branding iron. Then, one by one, the long-horned, raw-boned animals are let loose, to gallop wildly, clumsily between two long lines of waiting horsemen and out over the plain, while an Indian with stentorian voice announces the name of the man to whom the creature is issued, for his "consolidation" of some twenty-four persons. Each steer is madly pursued by one, two, three or half-a-dozen Indians on horseback, some of them policemen in blue coats with rifles in their hands, some whose long waving hair is adorned with plumes and who carry a painted bow and arrows—and the yells of the men and quick reports of their winchesters come sharp and clear from every direction. Every eye is eagerly noting the best shots, and observing when the little puff of smoke in the distance is followed by the fall of the quarry, while now and then a bewildered animal makes a sharp turn and charges back among the wagons, creating dire confusion and dismay.

As soon as Luke's work is done he mingles with the throng, and looking eagerly about for old acquaintances, he encounters the sparkling eyes of Mary Harvey, mounted on a side-saddle upon the meekest of white ponies, dressed in a flowered muslin frock, with a light-blue shawl draped carelessly about her shoulders, and her saucy, dark face shaded by a blue satin parasol edged with lace! The incongruous costume is exquisite in Luke's eyes. He feels the blood mount to his head; but with a new assurance (learned, perhaps, from his recent companions), he makes his way toward her and answers her coquettish salutation with a good degree of self-possession.

Mary has been at boarding-school for seven years, and is the daughter of a

white man; her command of English is far superior to poor Luke's,—who, indeed, feels her to be above him in every way. They converse in Dakota—with the glances and the laughter that belong to a universal language—until the last of the steers leaves the chute, the crowd begins quickly to melt away, and the girl jerks the rein over her sleepy steed and ambles after the wagons.

Luke has made no plans as yet, but it is quite certain that Grand River, and the girl dressed in red, and that humiliating scene in the agent's office, all are fading into the background of this consciousness, while Mary Harvey's face and figure rise dazzlingly in the near foreground. There is no likelihood of communication between his two homes. The break is apparently complete.

At about this time the great annual "round-up" begins on the reservation, and a fresh perplexity overtakes the boy, causing him almost to forget the coquetries of the girl he admires. He becomes accidentally aware of a little private transaction on the part of the "boss herder"—another of the doubtful class known as "squaw-men," the great majority of whom are men of little principle, who form connections, legal or otherwise, with Indian women for the sake of low ease and dishonest gains. Although they pretend to identify themselves with the tribe, their interests are really opposed to those of the Indians, whose continued helplessness and ignorance tends greatly to their advantage.

Luke's impulse is to report the matter at headquarters, but he is jeered to the echo by a half-breed companion who shares the secret with him.

"No matter who saw it—the boss can lie out of it easy enough. 'Tisn't always safe to tell what you see here—but you'll catch on after a while," and this language, which he only half understands, makes poor Luke quite unhappy.

As soon as he can get a "day off," he rides out to Cherry Creek and tells the whole story to his friend Owen, the Catechist. To his surprise and chagrin, the

advice he gets is not very different from Ned's.

"You don't want to meddle with anything of that sort, Luke," says this prudent young man. "If you speak of it, you'll lose your place sure, and everybody'll be down on you besides. Just keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, and you'll get on."

Luke grows reckless, and forgets his disappointment in the delights of an evening spent with pretty Mary Harvey—a momentous evening, of which the sequel is a wedding!

It is a June day, and a very "pretty wedding." The charming bride wears a dress of "old rose" cashmere, lavishly adorned with lace, and from her dark hair falls the tulle veil which the missionary's wife keeps for such occasions. The bridegroom is attired in a new black suit, and looks, as bridegrooms generally do, rather hot and uncomfortable. In the evening there is a supper and a dance.

"Luke Shield is one of our most promising young men, and Mary Harvey a very sweet girl," says the missionary to the Catechist of St. Agatha's.

The young couple live on for a time at the house of Luke's easy-going father-in-law, who does not particularly approve of his daughter's choice, but would not think of interfering with her express desires. Her fancy for the young Indian has all along been regarded by her relations as a rather foolish aberration; but he, poor boy! gives her the sincerest worship of a half-developed nature.

The "boss herder" seems to have taken an active dislike to Luke since that significant incident of the "round up"—possibly Ned Hunter had something to do with it—and he finds his position in the herd becoming untenable. Fortunately for him, a number of men on the native police force resign at the end of the quarter, and Luke is invited, in spite of his youth, to fill one of the vacancies. The pay is small and the work unpopular, but it is better than nothing, so Luke rides back to Cherry Creek in a new and

becoming uniform, set off by a belt of cartridges and a revolver a foot long.

The duties of his new position are commonly by no means onerous, but if there is any particularly disagreeable duty to be performed, it is apt to be assigned to a new recruit. The task of gathering up children for the schools, especially distant schools, and of bringing back runaways, usually creates much ill-feeling among the non-progressives, and as for the more advanced families, their little ones are already in school. Luke is remarkably successful, owing chiefly to his bright face and persuasive manner, and to the patience with which he explains the benefits of education to his somewhat incredulous hearers. He is loyal to his school and appreciates what it has done for him, but he can not himself realize his misfortune and peril—that of awakened desires and aspirations which he knows not how to control and is unable to satisfy.

Meanwhile the young husband has selected a pretty spot for the site of his cabin, and he works hard at cutting the logs and hauling them, in the intervals of police duty. Sometimes Mary goes with him to the ragged cuts where the timber grows, and gathers the wild grapes that swing from tree to tree, while his ringing axe fells the straightest pines. By September the logs are all in place, and the hut looks like a child's house of cobs. Before winter sets in the walls must be thickly plastered with clay, the roof covered with bark and sods, the board floor laid and doors and windows in their places. Luke sings at his work, and even in his dreams he seldom remembers Grand River.

The young people move into their new home one day late in the fall. Its humble exterior cannot be distinguished from that of any other cabin recently built, as it stands all alone on the prairie with chips and building litter scattered all about, and a faintly marked footpath leading up to the door. Within, however, there is a cozy and neat appearance, quite foreign to the average Indian

dwelling. The half of the one large room which is to be used for a bed chamber is lined with new white muslin, and divided from the other half by curtains of flowered cretonne, and the tiny windows are draped with the same. A little clock ticks away on a high shelf; a sewing machine stands in one corner and Mary's cherished bureau in another; there is a rocking chair and a strip of rag carpet. To Luke it seems the prettiest little home in the world, and the prettiest thing in it is his dark-eyed little wife, daintily molding the biscuits for his supper.

"Luke," she exclaims suddenly in the pretty, imperious way that well becomes her and does not displease him, "have you asked Mr. Owen about the music for to-morrow? Well, then, you'll have to go right over now! There's plenty of time."

He goes without comment and crosses the ravine to Robert Owen's frame cottage. He sees a pony tied to the fence as he enters the little gate—a pony whose head droops in a dejected way, as if it had come a long journey; and the roll of blankets behind the saddle is grey with dust. His friend meets him at

the door with a queer look on his face that Luke does not at first understand. But when his eyes fall upon the visitor sitting by the stove he understands everything. It is Little Moon, the Grand River policeman, who knows all about Luke and his marriage with Red Bird.

Poor fellow! his humiliation is sudden and complete! All was ruined by that first fatal error. Ignorant as he is, he has not been fully conscious of his sin; he has fatuously hoped that no one will ever find out about it; he has imagined that Red Bird will have married some one else, too, and that it is all right. When he looks at the cabin he built for Mary, and thinks of Mary waiting supper for him now, and of what she will say when she knows, the pain is unendurable. He remembers that he has his policeman's revolver in his belt, and he plunges desperately into the little draw. Almost instantly a single pistol shot re-echoes from its sides and startles those who are within hearing. It is the end.

Poor Luke Shield! And yet if we were to assume from his story that the educated Indian is a failure, we might draw too hasty a conclusion.

## I LO'E BUT THEE.

'T WAS a sweet Scotch ballad she sang to me,  
And all through the queer, quaint melody  
I heard—at least there seemed to be—  
But one refrain,—“I lo'e but thee!”

Pure and clear as a crystal spring  
Flowed the song, and with rhythmic ring  
It lifted my heart on its airy wing,  
That, free and unfettered, it too might sing.

And what is the song this heart of mine  
Sang as 'twas lifted to heights sublime?  
Only the same sweet melting rhyme,—  
“I lo'e but thee,—my heart is thine!”

The song was perfect, the tones were rare,  
But in spite of all I pondered there.  
Was it only artistic debonnaire;  
Or did she—does she really care?

*Don D. Donnan.*

## EMMA MERSHON KONCHINE.\*

BY ELLA HAMILTON DURLEY.

IN the summer of 1886, during a musical convention held by Dr. H. R. Palmer of New York, in the city of Pittsburg, a young Iowa girl was invited to sing at the closing concerts. She did so and her voice, limpid, fresh and of remarkable compass, made a profound impression. The city was filled with the best musical talent of that part of the country and the enthusiasm over the sweet notes of the young western girl, who modestly asserted that she had gone East to hear rather than to be heard, knew no bounds. Professor William Guenther of Pittsburg, said of her at this time: "She has the most charming manner, the finest sense of harmony and the best cultured voice of any one I have ever listened to here, and a purity of tone that is remarkable. She should go to New York; it is the only place in America worthy of such a voice." This expression reflected the general sentiment. The musical journals caught the refrain and many were the predictions made regarding the future of one so gifted.

It was Miss Emma Mershon of Newton, Iowa, to whom, when but eighteen years of age, was accorded this flattering reception in the staid old Pennsylvania city. Miss Mershon had just completed a course in Snell's Seminary for young ladies at Oakland, California, where, at the graduating exercises, instead of reading the customary essay, she sang for her number the melodious "Indian Bell Song" from the opera of Lakmé. The rendering evoked so much applause that it then first occurred to her that she might make singing her life work. During the years spent at Oakland, music had been made subordinate to her regular academic studies, though she sang in one of the churches of the city and, in her senior year, in the absence of the regular instructor, had been given charge of the vocal classes in the seminary.

Her superior voice was an inheritance from her father, who was a fine singer as a young man and had paid his way through Yale college by his musical work, teaching singing school, giving concerts, etc.

Returning to her home in Iowa after graduation, Miss Mershon found Dr. Palmer there holding a summer school of music. At his solicitation she sang in the concerts with which his Newton school closed and then, upon his departure for Pittsburg, he begged her father to permit her to go on and sing there also. The visit to Pittsburg proved the turning point in the life of Miss Mershon. The keen pleasure which her singing afforded to an audience of cultivated musicians, always critical and alert to imperfections in one of their number, was the source of as much surprise to the singer as was her voice to those who heard it. Charmingly unaffected and unassuming, of most engaging manner, possessing a beauty quite indescribable but of that radiant type which artists delight to portray because it reflects the inner loveliness of the heart, it is not strange that this clever young western singer should have captivated all hearts. Yet events do not often, in real life, take so romantic a turn as they soon did for her.

While at Pittsburg Miss Mershon accepted for a time the position of soprano in the choir of the First Presbyterian church, and it was her singing there which attracted the attention of Mr. William Thaw, a member of the congregation and a wealthy philanthropist. Many men of prominence to-day in the professional or scientific world and many successful artists owe their opportunities in life to that noble-hearted and generous man,

\*A fine portrait of the subject of this sketch will accompany an interesting contribution by Mme. de Konchine on Art Life in Italy and Russia, in the October MIDLAND.

now gone to his reward; yet so modest was he in his good works that, during his life-time, no one was permitted to know of his benefactions. He assisted more than one hundred young persons in obtaining an education, and was wont to say to intimate friends that among all those whom he had helped in this way he had never made a mistake. His discernment of character was unailing. Mr. Thaw requested an interview with Miss Mershon and offered her the means with which to gain a finished musical education in Europe, leaving her free to choose whatever teacher or course of study she wished and in no way restricting her as to her course in life. What more could a happy-hearted, ambitious young woman desire? Then came joyful days of preparation, and in the following October, accompanied by Miss Gertrude Hinman, a former teacher, Miss Mershon went to Paris. There she met, rather unexpectedly, Maurice Strakosch, Adelina Patti's brother-in-law, and a great impresario. This gentleman, after hearing her sing, went into rapturous plans to bring her out in opera in the course of eighteen months, provided she would study with Carlotta Patti, Adelina's sister.

Miss Mershon entered upon her studies, but, from the first, was not altogether pleased and found herself, oftentimes, wishing that her teacher had more soul and less worldly polish. She determined soon to make a change; but Carlotta Patti did not wish her to go, acting at times most tyrannically; and, finally, with tears imploring her not to leave her, as she had a good voice which she would train, and promising her that she would become a world-renowned artist. Notwithstanding her entreaties, however, Miss Mershon went to London and to Shakespeare, a pupil of the famous Italian Lamperti, who, as well as his old master, has had as his pupils many of the most celebrated singers of the day.

Shakespeare gave her a few lessons, but finding her voice fitted for opera, he wrote to Lamperti and asked him if he would not take a pupil of such marked promise.

Receiving the kindest of replies, Miss Mershon, accompanied by her father, went to Italy, going at once to the beautiful, flower-embowered villa of Signor Lamperti on the shores of lovely Lake Como. Little knowing, herself, how critical an ordeal she was undergoing (for the old master could be severe indeed when displeased, often stopping his ears and frantically driving would-be candidates out of his presence,) Miss Mershon sang as her trial number "*Una Voce*" from Rossini's "*Il Barbiere di Seville*." He listened attentively and when she was done ran up to her and threw his arms around her, saying she should be one of his own dear pupils.

She then entered upon a thorough course of instruction in the old Italian school of singing, Lamperti regarding her, from the first, as a pupil of wonderful promise. He used in his old age to say to her with tears in his eyes, "Little one, thou art to be the last jewel in my crown." His words were prophetic, for Miss Mershon was the last of his school to enter upon a public career. His health failed soon after she had completed her studies, and he passed peacefully away at his much-loved lake shore home.

In 1889, being urged into the field by musical critics and impresarios, Miss Mershon made her debut at Milan in the opera "*Rigolletto*" by Verdi. It is an undertaking to be feared for a young woman, especially if she be a foreigner, to be brought out in opera in an Italian city; as, however accomplished she may be, there are almost always those who, actuated by jealousy or ill-feeling, will seek to crush her and destroy her prospects. Not infrequently hoodlums are hired to go to the galleries and hiss the singer or otherwise disturb her. Miss Mershon was fortunate in making her debut under the direction of an honest man, Signor Angelo Villa of the Dal Verme theater. As a director of the orchestra there was an old and celebrated leader, Signor Cagnoni, whose brother is a composer of name, having written "*Francesca da Rimini*" and the comic



opera "*Papa Martin*." During one of the rehearsals of the opera, the director, calling all those connected with the theater about him, told them, very seriously, that here was a young American lady to make her debut and the first man who should lay a straw in the way of her success would leave the theater forever. The admonition was sufficient. Her reception was undisturbed and of that cordial character which the music-loving Italians know so well how to give. The papers were filled with compliments for the gifted and beautiful young American and language exhausted itself in her praise. Her father, speaking of the risk which his daughter ran in coming out in Italy, says it is his belief that no harm could come to her, as she was consecrated from infancy by the prayers of her mother, who died when she was but two years old.

Of her debut Miss Mershon afterwards said: "I do not claim that my success was due to any personal gifts at all, as I have heard many who had beautiful voices and yet were failures on the stage. No, all praise is due to my great master, the venerable Francesco Lamperti, a genius who brought out many an operatic star that without his assistance would have remained in obscurity."

The American friends of Miss Mershon who had pictured a glorious future for her, embracing a triumphal return to this country, were somewhat disappointed when it was learned, that a short time after her debut she had married Monsieur Nicholas Konchine, a Russian gentleman from Moscow; for they feared her marriage might keep her away from her native country where so much awaited her. Their fears were in a measure allayed, however, on learning that Monsieur Konchine was himself a magnificent tenor and that he had determined, in order not to rob his wife of a career, to pursue that for which he was so eminently fitted and devote himself also to music. After her marriage Madame Konchine readily yielded to the wishes of her husband not to appear in

public again until he should complete his musical studies in Italy, when they would sing together. Monsieur Konchine spent four winters in assiduous training of his voice under a famous teacher, Signor Persichini of Rome, the couple passing their summers in Russia.

Mme. Konchine says she has never heard the equal of her husband's voice anywhere, and she believes she is able to view the matter impartially.

Monsieur Konchine, who is a gentleman of university education, made his debut some time ago in Venice and created a great furor. Previous to that he had been offered many engagements, some very flattering ones, which he steadily refused until he should have completed his *repertoire* of twelve classic operas.

Mme. Konchine, who is now in this country, expects soon to be joined by her husband. Loving her native land as only a loyal, liberty-loving American woman can love it, her supreme desire is that her husband may find here a home and that her people may become his people. It is their expectation to sing together in this country in opera or concert, or both.

Speaking of a public career and more particularly of their own future, Mme. Konchine says she realizes that applause and gratified ambition are empty and meaningless when compared with life's deeper aims and purposes and the soul's abiding interests and joys. She believes, however, that such a career need not prevent any one from living earnestly and seriously and having high ideals and aims. There is in such a life that which is at once sublime and dangerous, a field of infinite possibilities. As song comprehends all that is lovely in heaven or strong in earth, so is it a vehicle through which the best of one's thoughts, one's most holy feelings, pour forth and meet like emotions in others.

"My heart was never so touched and I never so fully appreciated the gift of song," said Madame Konchine, "as when I once sang a simple ballad for an



old lady who had been my teacher in philosophy. When I finished, she was sobbing as if her heart would break, and yet I had never dreamed of anything but the intellectual side of her nature. Then she told me her touching history and I knew that the song had gone to her heart as nothing else could have done. Every singer who uses her talents from the highest motives is in a sense a Jean d' Arc. The very privilege of speaking thus to thousands is something to be wept over, and one who will succeed must be willing to do and to suffer."

Mme. Konchine has appeared in con-

cert on several occasions since her return, and her reception has been most cordial. All accord her a high rank among singers, her voice being incomparably rich in tone, vibrant, sweetly sympathetic, and possessing the unusual range of three octaves, of which two and two-thirds are compassed with the utmost ease. There is little doubt that a brilliant future awaits one whose glorious gift of song is fully met by a noble nature, splendid intellectual endowments, and a personality so gracious and pleasing as to compel the admiration of all who enter her presence.

## A-SWINGING ON THE GATE.

DOWN by the pasture-lot there swings,  
 On hinges strong and great,  
 A quaint, old-fashioned, well-braced frame,  
 An old, old-fashioned gate.  
 Such crowds of fellows, jolly boys,  
 All gathered round, to wait  
 Till "next" was called, then on we'd go,  
 A-swinging on the gate!

What "stages," "steamboats," "trains" and all,  
 We made, I'll not relate.  
 O loud we laughed and high we leaped,  
 A-swinging on the gate!  
 A run, a jump, then on we'd fly,  
 Half round, each with his mate.  
 Such yelling as you never heard,  
 A-swinging on the gate!

Of all the romping, jolly girls,  
 None equalled gentle Kate;  
 She'd always take her turn with me,  
 A-swinging on the gate!  
 Now in my home she is the queen,—  
 O such a blessed mate!  
 She stands beside me still, though not  
 A-swinging on the gate.

To-day I'm not a lad, my boys;  
 Yet, grown to man's estate,  
 I warn you, don't invite me out  
 A-swinging on the gate;  
 For, if you do, I'll sure accept,  
 And so will little Kate,  
 Who has her ma's proclivities  
 For swinging on the gate.

*Walter P. Stoddard.*

## A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN.

PROFESSOR GEORGE D. HERRON.

Of the Chair of Applied Christianity, Iowa College, Grinnell.

By HERVY SMITH McCOWAN.

**I**N RESPONSE to a request from the editor of THE MIDLAND, I have prepared this paper concerning Professor George D. Herron and his work. I wish to state at the outset that it is in no way a defense. I have no commission from the professor or desire of my own to perform such a service. If the product of a man's labor contains truth, he needs no defense; if it does not, he is indefensible.

Dr. Herron, during the past year, has probably elicited more criticism from the press and from his professional contemporaries than any other man in the American pulpit. There is scarcely an important journal in our country that has not discussed him and his opinions. The latter have proven expensive possessions for him in some friendship quarters. Our opinions may be as fatal as prison-walls when they separate us from those we love. But from the same source have probably been acquired sufficient friendships to keep an equilibrium.

In every man who arouses the world there must be something demoniacally wrong or something transcendently righteous and right. Mediocrity never creates a craze. Normality is tranquillity. It must be a radical message that stirs to a maelstrom the sluggish stream of life. Hence whatever the message Dr. Herron brings, whether good or evil, we all must understand and believe that it is radical, and perhaps more radical in the fullness of his own vision than we are able to comprehend. A soul on fire cannot tell all it sees. The vision is as much larger than the written message as the man himself is larger than his words; for the man is not other than the vision incarnate while he is possessed by an absorbing passion.

Whoever will place himself in the rhythm of the world must feel the dis-

cord of our times. The earth trembles with the tread of industrial armies. We hear the echo of a world-mutiny that passes all precedent. We see the wealth of this nation massed in the power of a few, so that "fifty men can stop every wheel of American industry within twenty-four hours."\* Congress has been in futile session during a year of the greatest industrial crisis America has ever known, while the Nation waits for the sun of hope to rise.

In the midst of such chaos a man has risen who denounces the corruption in politics; anathematizes the dishonesty of the state and condemns the lethargy of the church. It is for his denunciation of all forms of untruth that Dr. Herron has been most severely criticised. But it is not with that aspect of his teachings that I am concerned in this paper. I hope rather to reveal the purposes, hopes and character of the man as I have known him in the lecture-room and by close personal acquaintance.

Dr. Herron's great purpose is to bring the Kingdom of God among men by arousing them to adopt and to apply the Christ-life to all human relations, not as religionists, but as Christians — as Christ-men. He adopts the Sermon on the Mount as civil and industrial law-principles, and believes that the teaching of Jesus in its strictest sense is rational and practical, since it is the highest expression of filial affection ever given to men, and that its fulfillment will bring the Kingdom to earth. "Wherever God's will is done there is Heaven; for Heaven is harmony — the Kingdom of God is the dominion of the law of Love in the whole life of man with all its activities and processes. It is a political Kingdom

\*Chauncey M. Depew, in a recent after-dinner speech.

offering the freedom of God to its citizens. Freedom is subjection to the right, it is obedience to the will of God. The freedom with which Christ makes us free, is the deliverance of self through the sacrifice of Love for our brothers. The realization of the freedom of men is the fulfillment of the Kingdom of God in a society of perfect justice.— Since there is a Kingdom of God, since that Kingdom has overcome the world in the Son of Man, the constitution of that Kingdom can be the only political economy." "To reform society is to Christform it."

The Kingdom shall be among men in a society where the "justice of love" shall be supreme. We have long regarded Heaven as a kind of purified monastery somewhere among the stars; we are only beginning to learn that Heaven is a purified heart on earth.

It is hard for us to believe that the life of Christ is the life to be *lived*, not worshipped only; that His justice is to be practiced among men; that His character is the only goal of human life. The building of character is the most delicate, most refined and most divine work allowed to men, yet we choose every other occupation in preference to it. We want to hold our opinions and our beliefs; but "God doesn't want our opinions, he wants our life." We are all willing that Christ should have been crucified for us. We rejoice for the world's redemption in Him. But when we are called into the shadow of that Cross, when it is laid upon our backs, when we have carried it part way up the Calvary Hill of our lives, we falter, then refuse to bear the shame and the suffering of that



PROFESSOR GEORGE D. HERRON.

Cross in removing the degradation and injustice of the world. As we comprehend that the only method God has ever used to redeem the world is through human agency, and that the sacrificial method of the Calvary Cross of love contains all the principles for the redemption of society to a state of industrial, political and social justice, we shall the easier understand the Christian teaching of Professor Herron.

"The sacrifice of Jesus upon the Cross was the disclosure of the divine government of the world." "He is a Christian, though he may or may not be religious, who makes his love for man the law that is sovereign in his life; who organizes his life to save, rather than be saved from whatever wrong he sees devouring the life of the world." "Salvation is not a change of worlds, but a change of the moral basis of life; a change of the moral properties out of which one builds character. Salvation is here and now, or

wherever or whenever life becomes human by being made divine through oneness with the will of God." "The distinction between the divine and human is the anti-Christ of theology, for God is human and man is divine." "Dualism is devilism."

Dr. Herron teaches a divine unity. There can be no sacred and secular, no divine and human, no spiritual and material, because God pervades all that is. "There is no law but love," and in that law is found universal divinity and unity. Unless we bring the secular into the sacred and the sacred into the secular, both secular and sacred—so called—are ignorant of their mission in the world. That has been one great fault with the church, in the attempt to free herself from the state. In her flight from the corruption of politics, she has denied all allegiance to and interest in practical human affairs, and has dealt instead with a mystical metaphysical spirituality; seeming never to have realized that all social problems are her problems, that all social disorder is her shame and that the divine social spirit of the Christ should pervade and rule the state until the state becomes Christian. "There are not two kinds of right; one for the church and one for the state."

Many people fear Dr. Herron's teaching because they suspect him of attempting to establish a new creed or denomination. That is the very antithesis of his purpose. He adopts, instead, the more difficult task of arousing the existing church to a larger *living* conception of the social Christ. No one can deplore more than he the enervated energy and devitalized vitality in the dissected church. His message is not one of division but of union; not one of destruction but of construction; he would not destroy what is, but would pour into it a stimulant and a potency for a more intense and unremitting righteousness. All the religions of the past—including the Christian religion—have been religions of lethargy, expressed in the language of passive faith; the religion of to-day must be one of industry

proclaimed by the startling eloquence of ambitious, aggressive social service and sacrifice, if it would redeem the remnants of society. Had there been fewer creeds there would have been fewer remnants to redeem. In the ethical world the church can never be greater than the contemporary Christian conception of the human souls that compose it, any more than man can ever be greater than his character. Evidently, then, if the churches are the media of the Kingdom, the most potent method of securing the goal is to arouse and inspire those within, rather than debilitate the whole structure by organizing other divisions. It is remarkable that all historic reformations have come through division. If the present reformation can be perfected through the reconstruction and regeneration within, that fact will be indicative of a larger and more generous soul than has characterized its ancestry. A weak soul, whether individual or institutional, is inflated by prosperity and burst by adversity; a strong soul is plastic, courts criticism and grows in its effort to attain perfection. If a reformation can withstand the fires of its renaissance and the slaughters of its reform, it is strong enough to be a healthful progress when its antagonists are slain; especially is this true if, in the throes of the conflict, there is not born a new creed.

Dr. Herron has always discouraged any thought of a new sect, and I believe would refuse his allegiance if one were formed. He loves the old church too well to abandon it because of imperfections; his advice and influence have always been to enter the church and redeem it and purify it to its fullest mission for Christ, but he does hold man the supremest church. Is he not right? Mottling the earth stands the passive church, sublime in its architectural beauty and, perhaps, holy within its marble walls, but corpse-like even in its fullest life. While everywhere about us teems the Unseen Church in the tarnished, trembling souls of men all unconscious of the Christian ages garnered in its bosom. To awaken this consciousness to a search for truth

and to arouse the church to a divine discontent until it shall make just the unjust, right the wrongs and soothe the suffering of man is the divine call of to-day. But it may demand a consecration that would appall the hero-worshipper even while retouching his most complete conceptions of courageous visions. Courage, not daring, is the virtue required. There is a wide difference. Courage is love fighting danger. Daring is defiant ambition on exhibition before men. Courage is the spirit that inspires one to live through a cyclonic life. Daring would stimulate one to defy the grave for an instant and leave the world to its enemies. It is often more heroic to court life than to smile in the shadow of the tomb. So to those who have caught visions of a world of larger justice among men; to those who have this humble courage to live all truth without its industrial, commercial, ecclesiastical and social distortions, Professor Herron brings a truly divine message, yet a message that admits of no compromise, for it realizes the price society has placed upon its own redemption.

"Truth is the most revolutionary thing in the world." And "to look the present evil age squarely in the face and decide to follow Christ through the midst of it and to teach His love as the cure of its evil and as the law its activities must obey, is to make up one's mind to accept some form of crucifixion at the hands of those who want not the reign of Christ or the dominion of His love. The victory that overcometh the world is the faith of those who love not their lives unto death, and rejoice to work out the redemption of society under the shadow and expectation of the Cross. Just the joy of knowing the truth that the love of Christ, at the heart of society, will dissolve its difficulties and solve its problems and overcome its injustices is worth all the suffering and misunderstanding the world can bring. The joy of seeing this truth with a clear eye and believing in it with all one's being, and proclaiming it with a doubtless faith in its ultimate triumph, is worth any crucifixion the wrath

of selfishness is able to devise. To such a joy, to such a faith, to such a cross, to such a glory the Son of Man now summons you and me. Arise and let us follow him." "God is looking for men who will live for Him and die for Him. He will pay any price for a man."

Professor Herron's books teem with such messages calling to men everywhere to consecrate their faith, their love, their labor; to marshal justice against injustice; to hurl virtue against the vice of our times—vice that exists because of unjust systems, theological, social, economic; systems that are held by the chains of precedent to the tombstones of history; systems that compel the hungry to starve, the naked to freeze, honor to steal, virtue to sin. We dare not be blind to these conditions though we may be indifferent.

Even while I pen these lines the government's guns are trained upon the government's citizens, and capital and labor, arrayed against each other, are fighting for *legal rights* thus absolutely defeating Christian justice. Neither is attempting to give, but both are attempting to get. No Christian principle has been manifest in the negotiations, but the most devilish diplomacy and intrigue have been the pervading spirit of the contention.

In our day any man who does not endorse the government and established institutions, or cannot see in America the Elysian dream that allured the Pilgrims is called a partisan or a pessimist (I am not yet convinced which is the worst appellation); nevertheless there are corruptions imminent everywhere; there are distortions of justice, startling, tragic. We see them; we feel them, but cannot touch them; for the heart of government when thoroughly corrupt bears all sorts of dwarfed and rotten fruit, and we cannot discover how or whence the grafting came. We may flatter ourselves that the government is ideal; but flattery is an adorned lie and when a crisis comes we think superficially, seldom seeking the origin, but attempting instead a compromise; yet compromises in their completest worth can be but little better than the



existing evil — only a postponement. In all history they have been the crosses upon which we have crucified our purest ideals. Until society is reformed — "Christ-formed, and men shall attempt to do justice rather than to secure their individual rights; until they shall strive for the social good instead of for private selfishness; until they shall be honest with each other instead of stealing for themselves, social evils can never be remedied. The only cure for social and political ills is social and political righteousness."

Imbued with such convictions, a group of men in sympathy with Professor Herron have established the "American Institute of Christian Sociology," whose avowed purpose is: "To claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice; to study in common how to apply the principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time. To present Christ as a Living Master and King of men, and His Kingdom as a complete ideal of human society to be realized on earth."\*

This Institute held its first Summer School at Iowa College, Grinnell, in July. There were about two hundred non-resident and an equal number of resident students present, representing almost every occupation in the curriculum of labor. The enthusiasm and attendance exceeded in large measure the anticipation of its promoters. Such a spirit as these schools generate must result in more comprehensive and thorough study of modern problems than has ever been known before.

Summer schools open large and rare opportunities for mature minds. Especially is this true in the West where early education has been much neglected. Men are hungry everywhere for the stimulant of growth. It is more difficult to prevent men to whom knowledge has once been made palatable from obtaining an education than it is to furnish them an abundance. Only ignorance of knowledge makes one indifferent to it and careless of its possession. A dry sponge floats upon the surface of the water, a moistened sponge absorbs it; so a dry mind

\*Quoted from constitution.

floats upon the sea of thought, but when once moistened seeks to absorb eternal truth. We cannot estimate the large value in progress and in intellectual culture accruing to America from her myriad summer schools. I know little of the direct results of other schools of this character; but the immediate results of the "School of the Kingdom" will be the establishment of a large number of institutes of sociology throughout the West, and the preparation of many young men for social settlement work in cities, an occupation that will test in the sacrificial crucible the stability of any man's faith.

This paper suggests hardly a synopsis of the work proposed, but it indicates the purpose which, like other healthy germs promises an abundant fruitage. Perhaps the methods adopted are not theologically or politically orthodox, but what reform or reformers have ever been? We should not wear the gown of precedent too long lest it become faded and tattered. It is hard to understand why we should feed ourselves upon the crumbling mummy-truths of history and yet reject the luscious truth of to-day that wears the morning blush of God upon its cheek as rich and rare as a freshly-opened Passion-flower. Perhaps some day progress will be orthodox and precedent will be dogmatism.

Nor is it the method that we should approve or disapprove; it should be only the movement, the motive, the soul of the purpose itself, for "The text, whether of prophet or poet, expands for whatever we can put into it."

This paper is not a biography of Professor Herron, but I cannot refrain from giving a few words regarding the man's individuality. Personally he is one of the mildest and gentlest of men whose handshake is a benediction; whose love is so pervasive that he holds no malice for the slander and libel he has received; a man who is loved by his friends with passionate affection; a radical optimist who sees the hope of the world in the heart of Christ, to whom he is continually in prayer, in whom he holds an abiding faith.

NOTE.—The quotations, with few exceptions, are from Dr. Herron's two latest books, "The New Redemption" and "The Christian Society."





THE LATE FRANK HATTON,  
Ex-Postmaster-General and Editor-in-Chief of the Washington Post.

## REPRESENTATIVE MEN. VI.

EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL FRANK HATTON.

By S. R. DAVIS.

THE name of Frank Hatton deserves a conspicuous place in the list of Iowa men who have won distinction. His love for Iowa and her people was steadfast and abiding, and he never lost interest in the affairs of the splendid commonwealth where he won his early spurs in journalism.

The years of Frank Hatton were all too few, but they were crowded to the full with notable achievements. Born at Cambridge, Ohio, April 28, 1846, he was little more than a child when at Cadiz, Ohio, he entered his father's printing office as an apprentice. He must have been an interesting boy and a puzzle to

his elders, for he showed strong individual qualities which were remarkable in a mere youth.

The guns of Fort Sumter had hardly ceased to reverberate before he dropped his printer's stick and rule and went to the front as a drummer boy. This boy of fifteen years became a genuine soldier, and he soon threw away his drum-sticks and carried a musket. He remained in the service until the end of the war, when he was mustered out first lieutenant of his company. Mr. Hatton's army career was one of his cherished remembrances, and to him the little copper button of the Grand Army of the Republic, which he constantly wore, was an emblem of more significance than the cross of the Legion of Honor to a soldier of France.

At the close of the war, in 1865, Mr. Hatton was only nineteen years of age; but he had proven himself to be a man, measured by the standards of courage and patriotism, and he did not hesitate on account of his youth to at once enter upon a career which involved the responsibilities of manhood. He removed with his parents to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and his father, Richard Hatton, purchased the Mt. Pleasant *Journal*, and gave Frank a half-interest in the paper. They soon made the *Journal* prominent as one of the best local papers in a state famous for the splendid qualities of its country press. On the death of his father Mr. Hatton purchased his interest in the *Journal* and became its sole owner.

In 1872, Mr. Hatton removed from Mt. Pleasant to Burlington and took charge of the Burlington *Hawkeye*. Under his management the *Hawkeye* soon became a paper of national reputation. Its politics were of the stalwart and radical type, and its editorials reflected the strong individuality and originality of its editor.

The young editor at the very beginning of his career was under the spell of the immense personality of Gen. U. S. Grant, and he followed the political fortunes of the General as loyally as he had followed him on the field. In 1876 he kept the Grant flag floating by supporting the

candidacy of the General's great civic lieutenant, Roscoe Conkling, for the presidential nomination. Conkling's defeat and Hayes' nomination sorely disappointed Mr. Hatton, but the *Hawkeye* loyally supported General Hayes. When Hayes refused to sustain the claims of the republican candidates for governor in the states of Louisiana and South Carolina, Mr. Hatton filled the *Hawkeye* with editorials of indignant criticism which were quoted by the stalwart republican press from ocean to ocean.

Still true to the fortunes of Grant, Mr. Hatton, in 1880, advocated with great enthusiasm his nomination for a third term. Mr. Hatton always distrusted James G. Blaine, and pinned his faith to Grant and Conkling. This continued loyalty and singular devotion undoubtedly contributed much to the political prominence which Mr. Hatton afterwards attained.

On the accession of Vice-President Arthur to the Presidency, Mr. Hatton became first assistant postmaster-general and was afterwards promoted to a seat in President Arthur's cabinet as postmaster-general. Mr. Hatton's appointment amazed his Iowa contemporaries. At the time of his appointment he was only thirty-five years old, and his demeanor had always been that of a light-hearted and seemingly careless man in business matters, with little disposition to take a serious view of life. Many of his most intimate friends were curious to see what record he would make in the responsible position of postmaster-general and cabinet officer.

Mr. Hatton proved himself equal to the emergency. He not only carried his new honors with becoming dignity, but he instituted improvements in the postal service whose merits were at once recognized. He infused new blood and new ideas into this great business department of the public service. He went out of the Postoffice Department with the respect of the entire country, and his administration will rank among the ablest in the history of the postal service.

During his career as postmaster-general Mr. Hatton was editorially connected with the *Washington Republican*, a stalwart republican journal, and in this paper, and through other channels, he gave expression to some severe criticisms of the civil service laws. These criticisms aroused a strong feeling in the ranks of the most conspicuous advocates of civil service reform, and Mr. Hatton was severely criticised and charged with being a spoilsman and an enemy of civil service reform. Mr. Hatton, naturally combative, never took occasion to defend himself from these charges, or to excuse his position; but retorted in kind, and many of his friends have often spoken of his attitude towards civil service reform as the one defect of his public career.

The truth is that Mr. Hatton was not so much opposed to the spirit of civil service reform, or the principle on which the law was based, as he was to many of the absurd provisions of the law, and particularly the technical examinations required to test applicants' fitness for positions in many branches of the public service. I have myself heard, within a month, a distinguished official of the Postoffice Department state that he himself could not pass the examination required for appointment in one of the minor departments of the postal service, and he said he had some doubts whether the President of the United States could pass this examination.

When Mr. Hatton retired from the cabinet on the accession of Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency, in connection with Mr. Robert P. Porter he established the *New York Press*. The *Press* was a success; but Mr. Hatton could not make himself at home in New York, and he removed to Chicago, where, in connection with Clinton A. Snowden, he established the *Evening Mail*. The *Mail* was a bright paper, but Mr. Hatton was disappointed with its progress, and his journalistic career closed in Chicago in apparent failure.

In 1889 came the turning point in

Frank Hatton's career. During his official life he had found Washington entirely congenial, and ever since he had left the capital he had been filled with longings to return. He felt confident that if he could get control of a Washington newspaper the measure of his ambition and usefulness could be filled. The opportunity came when in 1889 Mr. Hatton formed a partnership with Hon. Beriah Wilkins, and purchased the *Washington Post*.

This partnership was a particularly fortunate one. In many respects Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Hatton were the direct antipodes of each other, yet they fitted together like the cogs in a perfect machine. Mr. Wilkins was a democrat and had served with distinction in congress as chairman of the House Committee on banking and currency. He was a man of means and possessed fine business qualifications. Mr. Hatton was a republican, who lacked the requisites of a successful business man, but he had the true conception of the province of a great newspaper. With Mr. Wilkins in the business office and Mr. Hatton at the editorial helm, the *Post* was metamorphosed from a slow-going political organ into a modern newspaper of progressive ideas and independent character. Its success was one of the marvels of journalism. There was absolute harmony and unity of purpose between Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Hatton from the very start, and during nearly five years of this partnership the harmony was unbroken.

It is a common impression concerning Mr. Hatton that he was a prodigious writer, and that nearly all the editorials of the *Post* were written by him. This is a popular impression concerning all great editors. The truth is that, while Mr. Hatton was a remarkably virile writer, and occasionally wrote editorials which were widely quoted, the strongest quality of editorship he possessed was that of suggestion. And this quality of suggestion is the true test of editorship, especially when applied to the conduct of the modern daily newspaper. Frank Hatton

was always keenly on the alert, not only for news, but also for progressive ideas for the edification of the readers of his newspaper. He found in Mr. Wilkins a less demonstrative, but keenly sympathetic colleague. Under this intelligent direction the editorial page of the *Washington Post* has become more widely quoted, probably, than any of its contemporaries.

Mr. Hatton had a fine memory of men and events. His sense of humor was keen, and he never forgot a witty saying or any extraordinary epigrammatic expression. His chief encyclopædia was the files of his newspaper, to which he could always turn unerringly for any information of contemporaneous human interest. Mr. Hatton enjoyed the confidence and friendship of nearly every public man of the country, and it can be said of him that he never betrayed a confidence or a friend. He could criticize severely without incurring personal enmities, and when his life went out so suddenly he left no animosities that would long survive the wreaths of flowers which faded on his grave.

At noon, on the 23d of April, 1894, I visited Mr. Hatton in his elegant editorial office in the *Post* Building. The grip of his hand was firm, his eyes glowed with animation and his voice was strong. During this visit Mr. Hatton told me that with his career on the *Post* the measure of his ambition was filled and the last five years had been the happiest of his life. He said that office-holding was disappointing, and that the ambitions



PRIVATE FRANK HATTON,  
AT NINETEEN.

of political life were vain and illusory, and from them he was happily relieved forever.

The next day Mr. Hatton was sitting at his desk, when, with scarcely a moment of premonition, he was stricken with paralysis, and on the 28th day of April, 1894, he passed from the scenes of his earthly activities.

Frank Hatton was a man of singularly lovable personal qualities. He detested shams and despised toadyism. He radiated the sunshine of his sympathetic and

generous nature upon every one with whom he came in contact, the proud and the humble alike.

Mr. Hatton was married to Miss Lizzie Snyder at Mt. Pleasant, November 19, 1867. This marriage relation was a continuously happy one for nearly twenty-seven years. One son, Richard Hatton, was born to them November 30, 1872. He recently graduated with honors at Princeton College. Mrs. Hatton retains her husband's stock in the *Post*, and Richard Hatton has adopted journalism as a profession, and is now connected with the business department of the great journal his father's genius helped create.

In their beautiful home at Hilyer Place, surrounded by the comforts and luxuries which a loving heart had so generously bestowed, with mute mementoes of the sunny life which has vanished forever from their threshold, mother and son have much of consolation in the warm sympathy of the people of Washington, among whom their loved one had lived and toiled so faithfully and well.

## FETTERS OR FREEDOM?

WOULD ye change to the chiseled groove  
Of a fact, with its steel-cold gleam,  
The expanse where your soul may move  
In the limitless realm of a Dream?

NEWTON, MASS.

Charlotte W. Thurston.

## NOTES BY A NOTE-TAKER. I.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT — THE LYNCHING OF THE BARBER BROTHERS.

By JULIEN RICHARDS.

“YOUNG man, remember that the elemental principle of news is that it must be new. Paste that in the crown of every new hat you buy.”

The above solid chunk of wisdom was measured out to me a number of years ago by a gentleman who was at one time a prominent representative of the newspaper press.

The words quoted constituted my first instructions in the art of running down an item of news. I was at that time probably a fair example of the “college graduate in journalism,” for I did not know that the man who is content to be a “working newspaper man” will accumulate adipose and gather in the sheckels, while he who writes himself down in the hotel registers as “journalist” is usually hunting for a job.

My first experience in “rustling for news” was in a town where the people invariably had no news to give you until the next day after the paper was printed, and then they were just as certain to blame you because an item they had forgotten to speak of failed to appear in the newspaper. A few months of this sort of experience convinced me that my friend's advice, while it was entirely proper, was exceedingly difficult to follow out to the letter.

However, if the man who intends to establish a School of Journalism will make that terse sentence the sum total of his instruction, he will succeed; provided nature has dealt generously with his pupils in the way of legs, ears and judgment.

About the first aspiration of the neophyte in a country printing office is to become local correspondent for a metropolitan daily. Following this natural tendency, I soon found myself enrolled in the list of local correspondents for the



JULIEN RICHARDS.

Chicago *Times*, and was put in possession of a neatly printed sheet of instructions, which started out something after this style:

*My dear Sir,*—You are hereby appointed correspondent for the Chicago *Times* for your city and vicinity. You are to read carefully the accompanying instructions and in all cases be governed by them.

Thereafter followed a long list comprising the kinds of news that the *Times* did *not* want. I confess that as I read that list a feeling of disappointment took possession of me and crowded my previously elated spirits down to my very toes. It seemed that about every kind of item that was ever likely to show its head in that vicinity was included in the list that was tabooed. I can't now recall how many months elapsed before a mysterious murder gave me a chance for my



first "special," and then the seemingly never-ending time before another piece of news that was not in the "don't" column came my way. But, after a time, fortune favored me.

One spring morning, some ten years ago, quite a sensation was caused in northeastern Iowa by the re-appearance of the Barber boys. These men were somewhat noted desperadoes in that section, as they had charged up to their account horse-stealing and the killing of an officer who had been sent to arrest them. After the commission of these crimes they had disappeared and gone to Kansas, where, if reports did them justice, they had continued in the work begun by them in Iowa. But they came back, as they claimed, to see some of their relatives, before leaving for Oregon. However, they visited the wrong house. They saw their mistake at once and asked for a drink of water, but were recognized, and as soon as they had taken their departure a boy on horseback was busy spreading the news that "the Barber boys had come back." The neighborhood was aroused and then began a hunt for the criminals, which culminated a few days later in their capture at the house of a German farmer, where they had been compelled to go to get something to eat. The capture was not effected, however, until after one of the captors had been killed by a shot from the revolver of one of the hunted men. The prisoners were taken to the county jail and the next day the sheriff, after considerable persuasion, permitted a local newspaper man and myself to interview them.

They were big strapping fellows, clad in cowboy costume, and didn't appear to be very much annoyed by being behind the bars, or greatly frightened at the muttered threats of a trial before Judge Lynch's court. Interviewing real flesh-and-blood murderers was new work for me and the notes I took on that occasion were not at all times of the most legible sort. I remember that I listened with a feeling almost akin to horror as Jim

Barber responded to a statement I made that their return to Iowa had created quite a sensation and that the papers were full of accounts of their capture.

"Then we are big men, are we?" said he. "By jinks, I wouldn't have the people think we were cowards. I tell you I wouldn't have missed that officer I shot at the other morning if I hadn't been taken by surprise. I can bore a man through with my gun twice as far off as he was, if I get a good chance at him."

That night the excitement in and around town became so great that the sheriff conveyed the prisoners away to another town for safe keeping. My interview with the boys and the account of their capture made a column-and-a-half story, under a big "slug head." As it was my first story of any length, I felt considerably elated over it.

A day or two afterwards as I stood on a station platform when an Illinois Central train pulled in from the east, I saw the two prisoners in a car in company with a couple of officers, and learned that they were to be taken back to the jail from which they had been taken a few nights before to escape an expected mob. No danger appeared to be apprehended, by either the officers or the prisoners; but as the afternoon waned I concluded that it was best for me to be on the ground in case there should happen to be any demonstrations; and so, by taking a freight train and driving a part of the distance, I reached town about nine o'clock at night. There were quite a number of people in town from the section of the county where the crimes with which the boys were charged had been committed, but they appeared to be very undemonstrative and for a time it seemed as though I had had my ride for nothing. The local correspondent of another Chicago paper had considerable fun at my expense for riding across the country, as he said, just to see a few people standing on the street corners. Finally he declared he was going to bed, for there would be nothing startling that night, and he advised me to do likewise. After he started for the hotel



I took another turn down street and up toward the court house.

Suddenly I noticed a party of men with lanterns coming on the opposite side of the street. They had the hasty, business-like movement of men who had work on hand that must be done in a hurry. Opposite me was a blacksmith shop, and when the men reached it they stopped and in an instant burst the doors open; a moment later they were retracing their steps bearing heavy sledges in their hands. It was plain enough then. The sheriff had refused to deliver up the prisoners and the mob proposed to batter in the doors of the steel cells in which they were confined. With the same business-like haste the party returned to the court house. By this time the yard around that building was well filled with people and the stairway to the corridor, in which stood the steel-clad cells containing the doomed men, was crowded. The crowd made way for the men with the sledges, however, and in a short time the heavy blows that were dealt upon the doors of the cells were heard in the sheriff's apartments below. In a few moments came a shout from the corridor.

"My God, they've got 'em!" exclaimed the sheriff, and he raised his hands to his head as if to shut the sounds out of his ears. Then came the rush of hurrying feet in the corridor above and down the stairs and out on to the plank walk that led down to the street.

There the two men stood, with ropes around their necks, in the midst of a howling mob; though, truth to say, the men who were the leaders in the affair were quiet and determined, and the cries of "Hang 'em! Hang 'em!" were for the most part yelled from the throats of boys and young men who were either up in trees or safely out of harm's way. The two men who were to be the chief actors in the tragedy of the night stood calmly awaiting the pleasure of the mob, which had the ropes already around their necks.

Then some one shouted, "Let 'em shake hands." They were accordingly brought together and were told to say

good-bye to each other. They shook hands in silence and then a voice was heard:

"Boys, if you must hang 'em, take 'em out of town."

It was the town marshal who thus ventured to interfere with the expressed determination of many of the mob who wanted to have the final scene enacted right there.

"All right," came back from the crowd, and a start was made towards the street. Just then some one remembered that condemned criminals before they suffer death at the hands of the law are given opportunity to speak while on the scaffold, and a voice called out, "Give 'em a chance to talk."

Curiosity brought the crowd to a standstill, and as the two prisoners stood upon the upper step of the short flight that led to the sidewalk they were told that they would each be allowed to make a speech. Then men with lanterns stepped up beside the doomed men and raised the flickering lights until they illuminated the faces of the crowd below.

One of the Barbers spoke a few words. In the face of certain death he spoke without flinching, and his only request was that the mob would hang them dead and hang them right. As I crowded up, note-book in hand to catch his words, a man who was standing near them politely stepped to one side so that the light shone on my book, and said to his neighbor, "He's writin' down what they're sayin'."

Then began the march to a little cotton-wood grove on the outskirts of town. And a weird scene it was. The doomed men were separated and each walked in front of a little knot of men while the balance of the crowd followed at a short distance behind. The hands of the prisoners were tied behind them and the ropes that had been placed around their necks when they were first taken out of their cells were held by resolute men who walked a few feet behind. Flickering lanterns threw the shadows of moving legs upon the damp weeds and

grasses at the side of the road, and the tramp of feet echoed a ghastly rhythm as the crowd moved onward. Once or twice some one attempted to start a ribald song, but no one took up the refrain.

Soon the grove was reached and the two brothers were again brought together. As they stood under a cottonwood tree, a solemn-faced man stepped between them and, after asking them in regard to the disposition of what little personal property they might have, he raised his hands and said in an impressive manner, "Boys, give them a chance to pray."

And then a strange thing happened.

As if actuated by one common impulse, nearly all in that motley crowd that had come out to see these men die uncovered and bowed their heads.

The silence was oppressive.

No one said a word, but by the flickering light it could be seen that the lips of the younger of the two men moved slightly, as though some faint remembrance of his boyhood's "Now I lay me" had come back to him in that hour.

What followed need not be detailed here. It is sufficient to say that the boys died game. They met death without any complaint and, so far as brute courage is concerned, Jim Barber's wish as expressed to me two days before, that people should not think they were cowards, was gratified.

And then came the walk back to town. The leaders in the affair disappeared; but those who had gone out for morbid curiosity followed the little path out of the grove and along the side of the road and down past the court-house with its empty jail; but two who went out with them didn't come back.

And now came the busy part of the night for me. Back in the rear end of a store was the telegraph office with one operator and but one available wire leading to the outside world. It was past midnight and the story of the night must be in Chicago as soon as possible. One of the men who had carried a lantern,

and who stood beside the boys as they made their last speeches, volunteered to go with me and give such information in regard to the events that led up to the execution by order of Judge Lynch as I was not possessed of. He sat down upon an up-ended sugar barrel, and as he nervously chewed the end of a twig broken from the tree upon which one of the Barbers had been hung, he told me the story of their pursuit and capture. As soon as I had finished a page of copy it was passed over to the operator and in an instant was being rapidly ticked away to Chicago.

I had my story well in hand when my friend the correspondent, who had advised me to go to bed earlier in the evening, came in. He had only just awakened to find that while he slept the deed had been done. He gave one glance at the operator sitting behind a pile of manuscript and the look of disgust that came upon his face was inimitable. The result was that my story was the only one, except a meager account sent to the Associated Press, that reached Chicago in time for publication the next morning. Those were the palmy days of the administration of Wilbur F. Storey on *The Times*, and I prize highly a letter which I received a few days later, which closed as follows:

With many thanks for the very excellent report you gave us, I am,

Yours truly,

W. F. STOREY.

But the sensations that came afterward were not so pleasing as the elation over the success of my reportorial work. I was young then and was not able to subvert my feelings of human sympathy so as to consider solely the news value of the event. And so for months I could not close my eyes to sleep without in imagination again visiting the scenes of the lynching and recalling in detail every step to the climax of the tragedy. These memory-visits, not being accompanied by the excitement that keeps the nerves at tension on the occasion of the actual occurrence, were far from pleasant.

## RAIN-MAKING DOWN TO DATE. II.

ARE BATTLES FOLLOWED BY RAIN?—ARTIFICIAL METHODS OF PRODUCING RAIN CONSIDERED.

BY HON. J. R. SAGE,

Director of the Iowa Weather Bureau.

DROUTHS and floods have been scourges of mankind in all ages, and the resources of human ingenuity have been exhausted in efforts to remedy nature's occasional tendency to extremes in the distribution of moisture. So the question, "Can we make it rain?" and its converse, "Can we make it dry up?" antedate modern science and civilization.

From the beginning there have been professional rain-makers and rain-stoppers, and among barbarous people faith has been most implicit in their ability to control the elements, or to influence the deities which preside over earth, sea and sky. The ancient "medicine men" seldom failed, for they possessed the gift of continuance and persisted in the performance of their divinations, incantations or rain-dances, until the heavens were propitious.

In modern times the aid of governments and science has been invoked to correct nature's irregularities, and, curiously, similar methods have been employed both to break drouths and to avert destructive storms: an application possibly of the homeopathic principle, *similia similibus curantur*—that which makes it rain will cure excess. Din and racket, beating tom-toms, bell-ringing, concussions, explosions and making big noises generally have been the agencies used alternately to drive away storms and to break drouths. And if we may credit contemporaneous reports they have been equally effective for both purposes.

Mr. R. de C. Ward (*Am. Met. Jour.*, March, 1892) states that in the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini there is mention of the fact that an impending rain-storm was averted in the year 1539, on the occasion of a procession in Rome, by firing artillery in the direction of the clouds, which

had already begun to drop their moisture. M. Arago, the eminent French astronomer, states that as early as 1769 it was the practice in certain towns in France to fire guns to break up storms, but he expressed doubt as to the effectiveness of that method. There have been numerous learned dissertations published by the scientists of Europe, within the last two centuries, relative to the possibility of breaking the force of storms by the use of explosives, and the question seems to have been settled by a negative conclusion.

In this country in recent years the question has assumed the opposite form, and the popular belief in the efficacy of explosives as rain-producers has stimulated scientific inquiry and led to some costly experiments under government auspices. The basis of this theory is the statement, which large numbers of people accept as true, that great battles have been generally, if not invariably, followed by storms.

This belief is deeply rooted in the popular mind, somewhat like the various notions held by many people in relation to the effects of the moon's phases upon the weather. And it appears to be a traditional idea, for the belief that battles cause rain was prevalent before the invention of gunpowder.

Plutarch says: "It is a matter of current observation that extraordinary rains generally fall after great battles"; and he accounts for it on the supposition that the vapors from blood steam forth and cause precipitation, or that the gods mercifully send rain to cleanse the earth from the stains of warfare. Without doubt there was as sound a basis for that theory in ancient as in modern days, and rains followed battles as closely before as since the invention of gunpowder.

A book entitled "War and the Weather," by Mr. Edward Powers, published in 1871, incited renewed discussion of this question, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the recent rain experiments. Mr. Powers presents apparently strong proofs to sustain his theory that explosions may produce rain. He refers to about two hundred battles of our Civil War which were followed by rain, and also to a number of campaigns and sieges during which it was unusually wet. The intervals between the battles and the storms they are supposed to have produced vary from a few hours to one or two days; but it rained, soon or late, after every one of the notable two hundred or more battles,—that fact is well established. Mr. Powers concedes that his facts do not absolutely sustain his hypothesis, but he contends that the relation of cause and effect is at least placed in the realm of probability.

It has been stated that there were over two thousand battles fought during the late war that are not included in Mr. Powers' list of rain-producing conflicts. If this is correct, it is not at all singular that in so great a number of battles, salutes, bombardments and similar occasions of cannonading, there were noted two hundred instances where rain closely followed the firing. We might indeed marvel if the number were less.

The writer was in four of the battles included in the list of alleged storm-breeders, and has a vivid remembrance of all the scenes, incidents and experiences of those hard-fought conflicts. Having always been something of a "weather crank," the meteorological conditions of those days of excitement and exposure did not escape observation. And it may be stated, as a conclusion based on actual knowledge of the matter, that there was no visible evidence of any connection between those battles and any subsequent rain-storms.

The campaigns in Virginia and Maryland during August and September, 1862, were especially burdensome to the Union army because of the great heat and

infrequency of refreshing showers, albeit there was an abundance of gunpowder burned. About the middle of September (10th to 18th) there were seven or eight days of almost continuous fighting and cannonading at Harper's Ferry, Turner's Gap, Crampton's Gap and the Antietam, and yet in answer to the soldiers' fervent prayers for rain to temper the great heat there came but two light and insufficient showers during that campaign. In matter of fact during the second decade of September, 1862, that portion of Maryland did not receive its normal amount of rain. It was exceptionally drouthy for that section at that time of the year.

In that portion of Central Maryland and Northern Virginia where the Army of the Potomac marched and fought in August and September, 1862, the normal rainfall is about one inch a week, and the average frequency of showers is one in three to three and a half days. The boys in blue who marched and counter-marched under Pope and McClellan through the heat and dust of that campaign, from Manassas to Antietam, had occasion to remark that there were protracted intervals between drinks and cooling showers. That, at least, is the very distinct remembrance of one of them, who about that time took his preparatory degree in the G. A. R.

The Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville campaigns do not furnish material support to Mr. Powers' theory, though they are classed among the rain-makers. At Fredericksburg the heavy firing began on December 11, 1862, and was kept up at intervals through the 12th and 13th. On the 14th and 15th both armies were comparatively quiet. The weather was fair from the 11th until the evening of the 15th, when a cold southeast rain set in with considerable fog, under cover of which the Union army quietly recrossed the Rappahannock river—"to get on 'tother side from where they had been at"! The rain came at the close of the fifth day after the cannonading began, and forty-eight hours after the close of the actual engagement. For verification

of this statement see Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War.

The fight at Chancellorsville opened on May 1, 1863, and there were sharp engagements on the 2d, 3d and 4th, with the weather all that could be desired. On the morning of the 5th a cool rain-storm dampened the ardor of the belligerents. The weather was fair for a period of seven successive days, during which time the movement of the army began and the battles were fought; then came a rain-storm, with northeast wind and all the characteristics of the ordinary spring rains of that section, covering a wide extent of territory. The interim between rains at that time was about twice as long as the average dry period for that season of the year in that region of country.

The battles of the Civil War were fought, it should be remembered, in the seasons of the year and in the territory having the greater comparative frequency of rains. Looking over the tables of daily and monthly precipitation for the states wherein military operations were carried on, one is impressed with the idea that a vast deal of the marching and fighting of the war must necessarily have been done in wet weather.

A good general would give much attention to the weather conditions and probabilities in making plans to strike an effective blow, and the main difficulty in that region would be to crowd in battles between rains. So in matter of fact the weather during the war had an effect upon battles, but there is no conclusive proof that battles had the slightest effect upon the weather.

Many of the surviving soldiers on both sides of the contest firmly believe that battles and storms came together with such frequency as to suggest if not prove the relation of cause and effect. This may be accounted for as a trick of the memory. Battles were great events in the life of the soldier, and all the incidents associated therewith were deeply impressed on the mind. A heavy shower falling during the progress of a battle or

at its close would be remembered because of its association with so conspicuous an event, while the many showers that fell during the dull routine of camp life would be forgotten. So in after years when the minor incidents have faded from the memory, the greater scenes and all their details are most vividly recalled.

Coincidents serve thus to aid remembrance of events which can have no possible relation to each other, as for example, the occurrence of a great storm on Christmas, Thanksgiving Day, New Year's, Memorial Day, the Fourth of July or other notable anniversary. But something more than coincidents are required to establish the relation of cause and effect. Thousands of picnics, grove meetings and other out-door assemblages have been badly dampened or broken up by showers; but that fact does not quite sustain the theory that the concussion of air brought down the rain, or that we may break drouths by getting up mammoth picnics.

Battle Flag Day at Des Moines, August 10, closed with a refreshing shower, yielding more rain than had fallen within the preceding forty days; but this does not justify the conclusion that the shoutings of the veterans and the waving of the battle flags compelled the vapors to condense and come down, like Captain Crockett's coon, without waiting to be fired at. The coincidence does not imply consequence.

While the question of rain-making by use of explosives was under consideration at Washington, the scientists of the Department of Agriculture made a thorough investigation of the subject, with all the records of the government at their command, and the conclusion reached was that there is no foundation for the opinion that days' of battle were followed by rain any more than days when it was all quiet along the lines.

The experiments were made, however, under direction of men skilled in the work, and the heavens were bombarded by use of explosives vastly more powerful than gunpowder, but no rain



followed under conditions that would justify the claim that it was caused by the shooting. The general verdict is shown by the fact that the experiments have been abandoned, and congress could not be induced to make another appropriation for their continuance. And to-day the concussion theory is not supported by any scientist of note. While this fact is by no means conclusive, it throws the burden of proof upon those who adhere to the notion.

Some eminent scientific men of the past generation gave a qualified approval of the theory that great fires may, under certain conditions, give an initiative movement to storms. Espy in his *Philosophy of Storms* (1841), and in his second meteorological report (1850), cited numerous instances of rains which he thought were evidently started by brush fires. His belief in the theory was so strong that he urged Congress and state legislatures to make provisions for experiments in that line. Mr. Espy urged that when the lower air is very moist a large fire may initiate a rising current that in cooling forms a cloud that would expand into the proportions of a local storm.

For a time it was believed that the great fire in Chicago, in 1871, caused a heavy rainfall which checked its further progress. But this was not sustained by the facts as given by Prof. I. A. Lapham, Assistant Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., who said: "During all this time—twenty-four hours of conflagration upon the largest scale—no rain was seen to fall, nor did any fall until four o'clock the next morning; and this was not a very considerable downpour, but only a gentle rain that extended over a large district of country, differing in no respect from the usual rains. It was not until four days afterward that anything like a heavy rain occurred. It is, therefore, quite certain that this case cannot be referred to as an example of the production of rain by a great fire."

It is generally agreed among scientists of note that to start a rain by large fires

the air must be very moist and calm—in fact, it must be just ready to rain without assistance. And under such favorable conditions it would be impossible to prove that it might not have rained without a fire or any other artificial agency to start it.

In an address delivered in 1884, Mr. H. C. Russell, president of the Royal Society of New South Wales, and government astronomer, after referring to the old idea that clouds and storms could be dispelled by cannonading, which gave way after 1810 to the opposite view that such discharges cause rain, reviewed the Espy theory that great fires could be used to produce rain. He cited the records of forty-eight large fires, which led him to conclude that rain in no instance followed within forty-eight hours as a consequence of the fire. He calculated that in order to get an additional rainfall of sixty per cent at Sidney, a mass of air over an area of 52,000 square feet would have to be raised 1,800 feet every minute, and the total amount of coal necessary to do this would be nine million tons a day. These startling figures may give some idea of the probable cost and extent of a conflagration sufficiently great to break a drouth covering five hundred thousand square miles of territory, and keep it broken.

So even if it is fairly proven that under the most favorable conditions a big blaze may "fire off" a storm, it is wholly impracticable to adopt that method of rain-making for every-day use in a very dry time. You see, when the air is supercharged with aridity, so to speak, it must take a tremendous amount of priming to start the water-works!

There remains but one other method of artificial rain-making to be briefly considered in this article, viz: the system introduced in this country by Mr. Frank Melbourne, the so-called Australian rain-maker. The process is a closely guarded secret, but Mr. Melbourne explained that he employed certain chemicals which were mixed and converted into cloud-forming vapors. In making the gas, Mr. Melbourne further explained, the chemi-



cals were "placed in a little box about as large as a tinker's stove, operated by a crank."

Two or three years ago Mr. Melbourne was inveigled into Western Kansas, and while there other parties purchased or appropriated his idea and improved upon his method by using other chemicals and adding a small electric battery to the outfit—to raise thunder and lightning! Of course every well regulated summer shower must have that sort of an attachment. The battery used, however, would be insufficient to run a small-sized electric street car on a level track, but maybe it is sufficient for use in "touching off" the celestial fire-works.

There are two drawbacks to this system: the rain-makers fix a time limit to their contracts, and they undertake to make rain while the sun shines, and in too dry weather. They should emulate the example of the "medicine men" of

the Winnebago Indians, who break drouths by means of "rain-dances," and when they begin operations never let up until it rains; so they score a success every time.

This new system must have its run. There is no use attempting to overthrow it by serious argument or reasons based upon known scientific principles. Experience must do the work of tuition, and in this case, as in scores of others, experience is a very high-priced teacher.

To thoughtful and intelligent people, who may be inclined to strike a bargain with one of these rain-making chemists, this single suggestion may be ventured: No real progress has ever been made, nor genuine scientific discovery introduced, through the methods of patent medicine street fakirs. When anything comes to you in that form, pretending to be a great discovery for promotion of human weal, spot it—it's a fake.

## BEATRICE.\*

### A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

#### CHAPTER XI.

IT was days before Helen could get sight of Beatrice—though she tried, without making the effort appear conspicuous. Her sense of justice compelled her to feel that she owed the girl at least a shadow of apology. It was more the desire to ease her own conscience than the wish to make reparation; she disliked being on uncomfortable terms with anyone in all the ordinary relations of life. But with Helen there was always the question of her own dignity to consider,—an easy, graceful attribute, if one is not over-conscious of it, cumbersome if one is.

She went down into the garden one morning to find a fresh rose for her hair,—a decoration to which she was very partial. The reconciliation with her lover

had been effected to her entire satisfaction, and she was in a charming mood. As she turned down the path leading to her favorite bush, she espied Beatrice bending over a bed of violets. A stiff, white sun-bonnet concealed her face and prevented her from hearing the step on the walk.

Helen stood for a moment or two watching the delicate, white fingers selecting the purple blossoms and laying them carefully, one by one, in a tiny basket. Then she touched Beatrice on the shoulder.

"I am very sorry I struck you the other day. Beatrice," she began, with a pleasant little patronizing air, "I was too hasty, I—"

\*"Beatrice" was begun in the January MIDLAND. Back numbers can be obtained by writing the publisher.

Beatrice sprang to her feet and flung off the conciliating hand. Her sun-bonnet, tied loosely, fell back upon her shoulders. An angry color flamed in her cheeks and an indignant light in her eyes. She faced Helen for an instant and then turned and vanished in the shrubbery.

Helen could not forbear the mental comment: "How magnificently handsome she is!" And then she smiled, remembering that a similar remark on Burgoyne's part a few days before had brought about that ridiculous quarrel.

She added aloud, "The little savage is angry with me yet!"

"Who can possibly be angry with my darling?"

This was Burgoyne's voice, of course, charged with the delicious, subtle quality which lovers put into their tones,—and which permeates the soul of the loved one like a divine essence.

Helen wheeled round, surprised and startled but in an instant radiant.

"O, Beatrice," she answered.

"Impossible; Beatrice is the most amiable little creature in the world," said he.

"So you all appear to think," returned Helen. "I believe it is only to me she shows her disagreeable side. I wonder why?"

She looked up at him pathetically. It was an effective look. Her eyes were the loveliest blue, with an agate-like clearness in their exquisitely rayed depths.

Burgoyne took her face in his hands and kissed her on the forehead and on the lips.

"All your imagination, dearest," he said, lightly, "unless you have happened to offend her in some way?"

A dash of pink came to Helen's cheeks, but she made no reply.

He slipped his arm through hers and drew her gently along down the walk, his head inclined toward her, his brilliant glance—no longer timid and apologetic—openly delighting in her beauty.

At this stage of his life Burgoyne's attitude toward womankind was of the chivalrous order. Woman was to him an exquisite adjunct whose divine function

it was to minister to man's highest pleasures—by her beauty and grace, her wit and her accomplishments. She need not be a Utility Being at all, simply a Charming Being.

There is one sort of woman who is flattered by this disposition of herself in the economic arrangement of human affairs. Another kind resents it with the indignant spirit of an equal factor, disdaining to be cajoled out of her birthright.

Helen was of the former type. She was willing to be an adjunct—if the principal was to her liking and the conditions were of her own making.

"Tell me," said Burgoyne, playfully, "what have you done to Beatrice?"

Helen raised her eyes again and replied—with consummate idiocy, as she afterward described it in a letter to Fifine:

"Why, I struck her."

"What?"

He stopped short and dropped her arm, and seemed to rebound from her.

"You *struck* Beatrice?" he said with as severe a look as his fine, mobile features could command.

Beatrice sat looking out at the pair from a little arbor-like place in the hedge, her whole body throbbing with anger. The words made her heart leap. It was worth all she had suffered to have Burgoyne champion her with such an air and tone.

"O, Burgoyne, please, *please* do not look at me like that," implored Helen with quivering lips, "I cannot bear it."

She covered her face with her hands.

"I supposed you were aware that no slave is ever chastised on this plantation," he returned coldly.

Beatrice started. "Slave, *slave*," she gasped, "O, I am nothing but a slave—like the others, the black people. It would have been the same if she had struck Stasie or Black Dick. I am no more than they."

She crouched lower and lower amid the dense green until her face touched the hard ground, repeating over and over, "A slave, a *slave*!"

Helen dropped her hands.

"Burgoyne, let me explain," she said with a touch of real dignity. "I did not mean to do it, it was an accident, believe me. It happened the day we had the — the misunderstanding. I was so wretched when you went away that morning — without a word, as if you did not care. And I wrote you a letter and asked Beatrice to carry it to you in your room directly after you came in. There was no one else about, or I would not have asked her. I suppose, I should not have asked her anyhow, — nobody seems to consider that she is merely a servant. Well, when she refused, — impudently, as if she despised and defied me —"

"Which I do, I do, *I do*," cried Beatrice in her heart, —

"I seemed to lose all control of myself. The impulse came upon me so suddenly; I had no intention — no fore-knowledge of what I was going to do. I suppose it was because I had been so wrought up, my nerves were — were —"

Her voice faltered and stopped.

After a moment she gathered a little self-control and went on. "I was so sorry the instant it happened, and so ashamed. I have been trying to get an opportunity to apologize to her ever since."

Burgoyne's face softened, a smile dawned in his eyes.

"You were going to apologize to Beatrice?" His tone, his smile reassured her.

"I did apologize to her just before you came up," she replied, "and she resented it."

His smile broadened. "She's a spirited little wench," said he. "But Evalina must teach her better manners. I presume she has spoiled the girl by over-indulgence. As you say, nobody regards Beatrice as a servant, and it is quite natural she should forget the fact herself."

They moved on down the path, side by side, the little cloud that had thrown its shadow upon their hearts disappearing in the sunshine of their love.

Beatrice lay writhing in her misery. She was going through a tremendous experience, — unique and terrible for one of her sensibilities and powers. An experience which must make a profound impression upon her character, which would deepen though it could not change the current of her life. Its channel was cut through solid rock, and it must go on, gathering much and holding all within its strong, firm walls. But it would have its cataracts, its dashing foam and spray, its plunging, irresistible torrents, — as well as its deep, cool, quiet places.

She had often before this felt her peculiar position in the blind, grieved way of a child. Now she realized the awfulness, the abjectness of it to the last bitter drop — realized it because, though still so young, a woman's heart was beating in her bosom.

She had during these days at La Scalla place come under the same refining influences that had gone to the up-building of Evalina's character. Naturally her character had been up-built in the same way. She was well grounded in good principles. In no respect had nature discriminated against her, but the reverse. She had a stronger intellectual fiber than Evalina, even a deeper and keener moral apprehension. She far surpassed her young mistress in imagination — not of the fantastical but the prophetic sort, which pierces the black darkness lying everywhere athwart the path of truth, blasting the rocks, inserting the wedge, lighting the way for new discoveries. This was Beatrice's peculiar talent; to see things clearly, to comprehend facts, to grasp realities. She could not cheat or deceive herself. She was even insensible to the tragic picturesqueness of her condition — a circumstance in which a weaker or more romantic nature might have found relief; considering that her sufferings were all of the moral, not the physical sort. She could not complain of ill or even of inconsiderate treatment, except it were accidental.

The child — the girl with the woman's heart — had not attained to her true bal-

ance. She was passionate, impatient of wrong, not prepared for the injustices of the world, not accomplished in endurance. It was the awful machinery of Society that was crushing her, but she revenged it upon individuals,—a mistake that wiser people are continually making. Perhaps she would never free herself from this soul-bondage of passion. Certainly not without a mighty struggle—not against the world, but against Self,—that most formidable enemy of a soul's peace and freedom.

A long time ago a sense of separateness had begun to grow in her, and a reticence of which Evalina sometimes gently complained. Now it seemed to her there was complete isolation. She could have no fellowship with her intellectual and moral equals ever again—not even in books. She remembered, in this new illumination of her understanding, that there were no delightful stories written about people in her condition, that history itself took no account of slaves. All the circumstances and characteristics which writers set forth and made much of were the circumstances and characteristics appertaining to free people,—or to the noble captives of war. Many of the people in books were poor, were afflicted, were cruelly treated. But she felt, this child who had never known hunger or bodily suffering, that she would gladly have exchanged places with the most miserable if only she might have the one thing they possessed and forgot to prize—liberty. There was one other passion that lived side by side with the passion of liberty in her soul,—the passion of sympathy. But in this she was cut off as effectually as in the other. She could not go down into the kitchen or out into the busy fields and find companionship! She was a young creature set apart in a profound moral loneliness. Her love of nature, her eager pursuit of knowledge, her passion for books, music, art,—of what avail all these to a slave? Despair and deep humiliation took possession of her,—but only for a time. Whatever else might be taken from her,

there was one thing to which she would cling as long as she had breath,—her self-respect, and with it the indomitable pride of the La Scalla blood.

Helen and Burgoyne sauntered on to the end of the walk and then turned and retraced their steps. As they again neared the place where Beatrice sat, Doudouce came trotting toward them.

"Isn't she a *dear*?" exclaimed Helen, brushing the animal's nose caressingly with a flower-spray she had just picked.

"For a fact!" laughed Burgoyne.

"I am not punning, sir," she replied, and added: "I would give anything if the lovely creature belonged to me."

"Would you?" said he. "I was not aware that you were fond of pets."

"I am not fond of ordinary pets,—cats and canary birds and the like; but who could help wanting such a sweet thing as Doudouce?"

"Beatrice may give her to you," said he.

"Impossible! I would never think of asking her."

"Nonsense, I can get her another fawn the next time I go on a tramp, just as pretty as Doudouce, and younger. The woods are full of them. And she would like the practice of taming it."

They passed on and left the garden. Beatrice sat fairly stupefied by this new outrage. What, take away her Doudouce, her pet, her *bien-aimé*,—and give her to Helen—to Helen, her enemy? *Never!*

She sprang up and hurried out of the garden. Doudouce ran joyfully to meet her. She went into the back hall and took down her small gun used for target shooting—a gun Burgoyne had given her as a reward of marksmanship a long time ago—and went quickly down through the garden again. She sped past Salome's cottage—unseen as it happened—and entered one of the narrow quiet lanes. Doudouce, excited and playful, kept close at her heels.

She reached the most secluded spot,—one of her favorite retreats,—and wheeled round, her gun at her shoulder.

"Stand still," she commanded.

The pretty creature obeyed, regarding her mistress with innocent unsuspecting eyes,—and the next instant dropped, straightened her delicate limbs and died without a moan.

Beatrice threw down the gun with a heart-broken cry and knelt over the body of her beautiful beloved, whose warm blood was oozing out upon the grass. She had inflicted a wound upon her own soul that would leave an ineffaceable scar.

Some hours later Big Jake came into the kitchen porch with the dead animal across his shoulder. Aunt Riddy sent a maid to apprise the household—every member of which had been fond of Beatrice's pet.

Beatrice herself was sought for but could not be found. She must have gone off to the woods, the servants said,—her gun was not on the rack.

Late in the evening she returned. Evalina met her with a sad face.

"Betty, something very, very dreadful has happened," she said, throwing her arms round Beatrice affectionately and drawing her close. "Your pretty Dou-douce is dead."

"I know it," replied Beatrice, "I killed her."

"*You* killed her? O, Beatrice, how dreadful! How did it happen?"

"It did not 'happen'; I killed her on purpose."

"Beatrice!" Evalina fell away from her, shocked and frightened.

"She was mine!" said Beatrice, with hard, bright eyes.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Burgoyne, eager for an interview with the father of his fiancé, accompanied Helen and her mother to New York. And a few days later the remainder of the La Scalla household set out for their favorite summer resort—*L'Île Dernière*—the loveliest and most celebrated of all the Gulf islands.

It was still early in the season, but already the place was thronged with wealthy and aristocratic southerners.

There was, also, a small party of guests from the North, whose native love of adventure and keen northern curiosity had been excited by flattering reports of this remote and beautiful island—its remarkable healthfulness and its delicious coolness, even in midsummer, in spite of its far southern latitude. Dilettant pleasure-seekers these, who took a great deal of pains for their pleasure, yet could not give themselves up to the simple and hearty enjoyment of life; who were in the habit of roaming over the world in search of new scenes and new sensations, pausing here or there, wherever the fancy seized them, and then up and away again like ships that touch at many ports.

The southerners, on the other hand,—who traveled with a vast amount of luggage and a retinue of servants,—settled themselves as comfortably and with as much of an air of permanency as though they expected to spend a lifetime on the island.

With most of them it was an oft-repeated story—this summer sojourn on *L'Île Dernière*. A few like the La Scallas managed to secure, year after year, the same suites of apartments in the great hotel.

They had their favorite boats and boatmen. They knew the best horses for riding and driving, the best fishing grounds and most desirable bathing places. And they were familiar with every nook and cranny in the village and with all the delightful drives and promenades.

Naturally they took precedence, not only with the natives and hotel people but with the new-comers. They had the prestige of familiarity, of—in a measure—belonging to the place. And even the clown on his own hearthstone has the advantage of the king.

But there were other reasons why these rich southern planters and merchants were the acknowledged Grand Seigneurs of the island. They had the courtly, self-respecting and respect-compelling manner of princes.

They were large-hearted and high-minded,—men of fine leisure. They dis-

pensed largesse among the attendants and hangers-on with unquestioning generosity; and they were accustomed to deference and service. The women belonging to them had the counterpart of these traits. The chief fault the critical northern visitors had to find with them was a certain polite exclusiveness. They were satisfied with themselves, with each other, and with their familiar haunts and diversions. They had little curiosity and no craving for novelty.

When the steamer containing the La Scalla party—which as usual included M. Condé—ploughed its way up the Bayou on which the village was located, the wide hotel galleries above and below were gay with women's toilettes.

The sun was going down—with much pomp of color—and children who had just been let out of doors were running about on the ground shouting and playing. Men were strolling—singly or in pairs—and puffing aromatic cigars, as only a true-born Southerner can. Not vigorously or as if in haste to be done with it and ready for another; but slowly, caressingly prolonging the life of the slender brown cylinder, as if there might never in the world be another like it, with such a flavor, such a divine spirituality of fragrance!

Lovers were promenading in the myrtle-shaded lanes, and a few carriages were rolling noiselessly over the sandy drives.

There was still greater activity on the beach, where crowds of eager young people—and old people renewing their youth—were making ready for boating and surf bathing.

The smooth glassy surface of the water, suffused with the day's last blushes, was beginning to rock and sway a little as if beckoning to the white sails.

Beatrice, catching the spirit of the lively and familiar scene, and filled with the joy of boundless space and motion, could hardly wait for the lowering of the gang-plank. With her feet upon the sand, her eyes sweeping the vast horizon, the cool keen breath of the sea blowing

in her face, and the recurrence of a thousand delightful memories of days past, she again forgot that she was a slave.

She turned a laughing face to Evalina as they went up the board walk to the hotel steps, and remarked upon the wild antics of the children, whose white legs and feet were temporarily freed from the bondage of shoes and stockings. Their nurses stood by with these garments in their hands, broad grins on their dusky faces.

Evalina smiled back. She regarded Beatrice with an expression of pleased surprise, and said presently,

"Beatrice, I have not seen you look so happy as you do now for days—I am right glad we came!"

"Who could help being happy in such a place as this?" returned Beatrice. "One can breathe better here than anywhere else—it seems as if one's very *soul* breathes. I do not want to go in yet," she added, "do you?"

"I think I want my supper," said Evalina.

"May I go out alone, then? I am not hungry."

"As you like. Shall you go on the water?"

"Perhaps."

"Take my purse, then." Evalina drew a knitted silk purse from her pocket and handed it to Beatrice.

Several of the northern people grouped on the lower gallery overheard this little dialogue, and when Evalina, with her father and mother and M. Condé, had gone up stairs, and Beatrice had run down the steps and away to the beach, one of them—a lady—remarked, "Is it not a burning shame to think that beautiful girl is a slave?" She looked round, guarding her voice carefully as she spoke.

"A *slave*—impossible!" exclaimed another.

"Why, how do you know, Mrs. Thompson?" demanded a third—a young girl with wide amazed eyes. "I was just thinking what a lovely contrast there was between those two—sisters, as I supposed—and how nice they were



to each other—with the pocket money and all."

"Indeed they are nice to each other," replied Mrs. Thompson. "Remarkably so; but one is mistress and the other slave. I knew those people," she exclaimed, "the La Scallas,—I stopped here, at this hotel, last year when I took that long voyage with my brother, Captain Jack. That is the girl I told you about, Harold," she added, turning to her husband, a nervous-looking, dark-browed man with a narrow forehead and eyes set close together; an intense and forceful man, who would do very well if headed aright, but a man incapable of large views,—a man of impulse rather than of reason.

His glance followed Beatrice rapidly retreating form with a lively interest.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed, and added after a moment or two, his hands involuntarily clinching themselves, and his breath coming hard between his set teeth:

"It is *damnable*!"

The women started.

"Harold feels so strongly on the subject of slavery," condoned his wife, knowing that the elder of her two friends at least was shocked at the profanity.

"Who would not feel strongly about such an infernal institution?" Mr. Thompson demanded sharply, as though his wife were in some way responsible for it.

"Beware!" cautioned the young girl with an arch bright glance, "we are in the enemy's country."

"We are under our own flag, however, and still have the right of free speech," returned he.

"But might makes right, you know, sometimes," smiled the girl, "and we are woefully in the minority."

"No might on earth shall ever make me hold my tongue in the face of a wrong," he answered, raising his voice.

"Hush, hush, Harold," urged his wife, "you always get so excited."

Personalities—concerning himself—always exasperated Mr. Thompson, a

fact which Mrs. Thompson was continually losing sight of.

"Do you never get excited?" he retorted.

"O, yes, certainly,—when I think something may be accomplished by it," she returned lightly. "But it is rather Quixotic of you, single-handed, my dear, to attempt storming so large a castle."

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand," quoted the girl laughingly—and saved the situation for Mr. Thompson.

"You are right about that, Grace," said he. "It is the little agitations that provoke great revolutions."

"Do you wish to provoke a revolution?" demanded his wife.

"No,—but a reform, by all means," said he.

The amiable pair—who had been trying to convince each other of their respective errors of judgment for twenty years or more—immediately struck off upon the subject of reforms at large, and discussed it in lively fashion for some minutes from opposite view-points,—their two friends listening, much diverted, the younger slipping in a timely humorous word now and then to prevent too much friction.

Mr. Thompson and M. La Scalla were introduced to each other, but naturally they had not much in common; there was, rather, a mutual antipathy,—of which, however, M. La Scalla was scarcely conscious. If he had been asked for an opinion of Mr. Thompson he would doubtless have replied that he had not formed any. Mr. Thompson's opinion of him on the contrary was clearly defined and positive. M. La Scalla was to him a suave embodiment of all the offenses of the South against modern civilization. He resented his gentleness of manner, his courteous and dignified bearing, and denounced him for a hypocrite and soft-handed tyrant. His wife as usual saw the reverse of this picture. She frankly declared that Monsieur La Scalla was her ideal of a gentleman; that he might be the victim of his education and his social influences, but

that no impartial student of human nature could look into his face and doubt either his kindness or his candor. For herself she could see to the very bottom of his sincere nature—as one may see to the bottom of a transparent lake. Mr. Thompson poohed and ridiculed her “sentimentality,” but secretly he had a good deal of respect for her judgment, and especially for her cool independence.

One morning there was a threatened rain storm, and a few gentlemen who did not care to risk getting wet collected in the hotel office. Among them were Mr. Thompson and M. La Scalla. The conversation took a political turn—as conversation among men in those days was prone to do—and there was some rather warm talk relating to the next presidential campaign and to certain important national matters then pending in congress. Thompson, as a matter of course, was in the minority, but he held his own with angry fearlessness; and had the satisfaction of being argued with and not frowned down. The southerners observed the etiquette of discussion with many an “I beg yo’ pa’don, suh,” and “Allow me to correct you on that point, suh,” and the like. These polite formalities of contradiction exasperated Thompson to the verge of open resentment. His own speech was innocent of such soft superfluities.

The discussion was on the wane—owing to the fact that the clouds were clearing away, and two or three of the company were beginning to show signs of a disposition to get out of doors—when Beatrice came along the corridor with a message from Madame La Scalla to her husband.

Maurice was standing near the counter in the act of lighting a cigar preparatory to strolling out. Beatrice paused, expecting in a moment to catch his eye. A young fellow lounging on the gallery sauntered up and addressed her with impudent familiarity. At that moment M. La Scalla threw away his burnt match and glanced up. He took the cigar from his lips and stepped out quickly, the color

mounting to his pale face, his usually serene eyes flashing with severe rebuke.

Beatrice herself had rebuffed the fellow with a surprised, indignant stare, and he slunk away ashamed and half afraid.

Some one in the office happened to cast an eye at Thompson, who shrugged his shoulders and remarked involuntarily, “What exquisite courtesy these lordly slave-owners show toward their handsome female chattels.”

He mumbled the words, but M. Condé caught the import of them and sprang to his feet, livid with anger.

Maurice sent Beatrice away and re-entered the office. He glanced inquiringly at his old friend and then round upon the other persons present with his usual gentleness of manner—which, however, never disguised the force that lay behind it.

There was a palpable sensation, but Thompson—albeit evidently disconcerted—met his gaze doggedly.

“Take that back!” thundered M. Condé, but his old voice quavered, and Thompson turned his back upon him.

“What is it?” asked M. La Scalla. His form seemed to rise to an unusual height. The expression of his face—paling again but with the dark eyes brilliantly alight—was singularly lofty and beautiful. The quiet majesty of the man was apparent to everyone.

A thrill of pride went through the hearts of his friends,—as though he stood for the honor and chivalry of the traditional South.

“That man,—that *cur*,”—M. Condé pointed a long thin finger at Thompson—“has grossly insulted us,—you, me, every southern gentleman. And without provocation.”

Thompson’s face flamed and his eyes sparkled with defiance. His courage at all events was equal to his imprudence, and he was supported by the feeling that he was in the right whatever came of the affair.

“I spoke the truth,” he said, straightening up and planting himself firmly, “and I’ll stand by it. The whole world

knows of the practices of you *southern gentlemen*. You can't disguise it,—that girl's beautiful face tells the story plainly enough." He was going on but a suggestion his wife had made to him that morning suddenly occurred to him and cut short his speech. A deprecatory smile twitched his lips. "Gentlemen," he said, glancing round, "facts are facts, and I have never been in the habit of evading them. Honest men, I take it, are willing to stand by their facts."

"We are, by heaven?" cried M. Condé, "and with the sword."

Thompson turned pointedly to Maurice.

"I beg you to believe that I meant no offense to you personally, sir," he said. "Whatever may be the faults of your particular section of our country, according to my view, I—my wife—everybody respects you most highly, and—"

"You lie!" shouted M. Condé. "It makes no difference that Monsieur La Scalla did not hear your vile insinuation."

Thompson, still ignoring him, continued, "I have a proposition to make to you, Monsieur La Scalla—which I may as well say is an idea of my wife's. What will you take for that girl—I, we desire to purchase her freedom?"

M. La Scalla looked as though he had not heard aright. His manner grew frigid.

"What—will I take—fo'—"

"Beatrice, I think you call her."

"Suh, she is not fo' sale."

"I thought as much," returned Thompson with a sneer.

The lightning played in M. La Scalla's eyes. "You insult me, suh," he said.

"That is as you may take it," answered Thompson.

There was a moment's silence, in which the two men looked at each other with hard, unflinching gaze. Then Maurice said quietly:

"I presume you are not unmindful of the consequences of an insult offe'd to a man of honah?"

"I have not forgotten the accursed locality I am in," returned Thompson; "I am aware of the consequences you refer to and am ready to abide by them."

"Very well,"—M. Condé will have the kindness to attend to the matta' on my behalf," said M. La Scalla. He looked at the infuriated old soldier who bowed as at the receiving of a distinguished favor. His self-respect was restored by this act on the part of his honored friend.

M. La Scalla turned to leave the room. The palor of his face was extreme. He moved uncertainly and put out his hands as if he had suddenly been stricken blind. He staggered as he reached the threshold and leaned against the doorpost. Everyone in the room—even Thompson—started forward with the impulse to save him from falling, but they were too late. He sank heavily to the floor. His wife and a doctor were summoned immediately, but he was unconscious when they arrived, and did not rally.

The Thompson party bade a troubled adieu to the Island the following morning and took passage on the out-going boat. As they steamed away the flag above the hotel was lowered at half-mast and the sound of a tolling bell came to them over the blue sparkling waves.

[To be continued.]

## TRANSITION.

Upon the heels of Misery Pleasure treads,  
And grim Despair steps in the yet warm prints  
Left by the flying footsteps of departing Joy.

C. G. Beede.

## A TYPICAL MIDLAND STATE CONVENTION.

ITS MODUS OPERANDI FROM THE PRIMARIES UP TO THE PERMANENT ORGANIZATION—THE KIND OF MEN DEVELOPED BY PRESENT PARTY MACHINERY.

By B. W. BLANCHARD.

THE evolutionary process by which a political state convention is formed and perfected is a subject that may interest the public and prove instructive to at least the younger portion of THE MIDLAND'S large constituency of readers.

The delegates chosen to represent their respective counties in such a gathering are presumably selected from among the ablest and most reliable citizens of the state. Usually this is the case, but it often happens that not a few are selected more with a view to their adeptness in political manipulation and their capacity for saying one thing and meaning another, than for any other requisite—a fact which a vast army of disappointed candidates throughout the realm of politics can verify. Again, others are selected who have only a vague or superficial idea of the responsibilities of the position of trust they occupy, and only a passing interest in the personnel of the ticket. The home-keeping citizen desirous of enjoying a few days' respite from his labors is not infrequently accorded a place on his county delegation provided he agrees to vote for "the right man." He accepts the terms in order that he may mingle with "the madding crowd," witness the stirring scenes incident to a state convention, hear the convention oratory and renew and extend his acquaintance.

During the spring months of each recurring year, the State Central Committee of each political party meets and fixes a date for holding the annual state conventions. This committee is composed of one representative from each of the congressional districts of the state, with or without a member at large, as the committee may elect. The business of

these committeemen is to manage the party machinery during the campaign, collect and disburse necessary campaign funds, engage and place campaign workers, distribute campaign literature and aid local organizations in securing as large a vote as possible.

When the date and location of the annual convention has been decided upon, the chairman of the State Central Committee issues a call for said convention, which is published, free, in the party papers. The number of delegates to which each county is entitled is named in this call, based upon the total number of votes cast for the head of the party ticket at the preceding state election.

The publication of the call is the signal for starting in motion the political machinery in every voting precinct of the state. The chairmen of the ward and township committees in every city and county issue calls for the caucuses, or primaries, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the respective county conventions.

It is at this juncture that the ambitious office-seeker begins to act. He communicates with or personally interviews the political leaders in every ward and township in the state, as well as the editors of party newspapers of his political faith. He presents in glowing terms his claims upon the party and his especial fitness for the office to which he aspires, at the same time urging them to stand on guard at the primaries and see that, as far as possible, the delegates sent to the county convention, are favorable to his candidacy. His deep interest in the primaries arises from the fact that the delegates selected by them to attend the county

conventions name the delegates to the state convention, and they in turn nominate the candidates for the state offices.

During the interval between the issuance of the call for the state convention and the gathering of the primaries, those individuals called "ward-workers" by their friends, and "wire-pullers" and "heelers" by their enemies and by the opposition, are particularly active. Their methods are usually more or less secretive. Whatever may be the particular object they seek to attain, it is not proclaimed from the house-tops.

Strange as it may seem, the average voter has but little to do directly with the nomination of state officials, and yet his desired approval is a powerful regulative influence. He is usually satisfied to know that the best men available are likely to be chosen by his party; and, in voting for them on election day, he believes he is performing his full duty as a suffraged citizen. He rarely thinks of attending a ward or township primary. He is usually too busy or too indifferent to do that, failing to realize that in the interests of good government his presence, his influence and his vote are each and all as essential at the primaries as at the polls. The primaries are too often attended chiefly by the "fixers," or self-constituted "bosses" of the party, who are not infrequently dignified by the name of party leaders. These individuals are generally either incumbents of or aspirants for petty offices in their respective localities. Oftentimes these primaries are "packed" in the interest of some particular candidate. That is to say, the friends of some office-seeker gather in such numbers as to overwhelm the adherents of any other aspirant for the same office, and in this way succeed in choosing a delegation that will be certain to select state delegates favorable to the candidate in whose interests the primary was manipulated. As the supporters of all the candidates all over the state are working along the same general line at about the same time, it can be seen that the ballot contest for the

nomination is not in the state convention, but in the primaries.

In due time the county convention is held, and the delegates chosen at the primaries gather to perform their duty. If all has gone well, the candidate for a state office now has the reins well in hand and is guiding the course of affairs straight toward the goal of his ambition.

If, as in the case of the recent Republican State Convention in Iowa, there are a large number of candidates for certain important offices, it is not always possible for any one of them to secure a solid county or congressional delegation favorable to him, except from the county or district in which he may happen to reside. The friends of each candidate consequently secure as many delegates as possible friendly to their favorite, and trust to trades and combinations and the jealousies and rivalries of localities for the necessary quota to insure a nomination.

With few exceptions, county conventions called to select delegates to state gatherings are tame affairs. It is only when county officers are to be nominated that they assume interesting proportions. The ward politicians, or heelers, having, in the former instances, attended strictly to business, the state delegations are easily and quickly made up, and the contest is transferred to the state convention itself.

The candidates and their more ardent supporters are usually the advance guard of the state convention. With their respective lieutenants they flock to the city in which the gathering is to be held several days in advance of the day set for the convention, having previously engaged rooms at the leading hotels. There they anxiously await the arrival of the delegates. The candidates themselves remain in their rooms and, assisted by their friends, receive with winning hospitality and refreshing good-fellowship.

Where there are several candidates for one office, all hailing from different localities, the friends of the opposing office-seekers arrange combinations

among the district delegations whereby their forces may be strengthened by an exchange of votes. Oftentimes these trades completely unsettle all pre-arranged programs, and bring about the nomination of men whose success was not at first deemed a possibility. In many instances, during the excitement preceding the opening of the convention, and while the lobbying is at its height, pledges are made that cannot be redeemed, former promises are broken, and much ill-feeling is engendered that time and party devotion alone can overcome.

The idea that all is fair in politics is by far too prevalent, and not infrequently men who have always borne unchallenged reputation for honor and veracity resort to methods to accomplish political purposes and ambitions to which they would scorn to stoop in private or business life. This is as "bad politics" as it is morally unsound.

There is an unwritten law or code of honor by which gatherings of this character are governed, the violation of which on the part of any candidate will certainly relegate him to the shades of political obscurity. This fact accounts for the numerous headstones in party graveyards, which mark the resting places of promising but rash and over-ambitious men. To gain what seems to them certain success, newly fledged and inexperienced office-seekers are tempted to resort to unscrupulous and forbidden methods in their attempts to secure convention votes. Their plans are discovered, their purposes defeated and the assembled delegates place upon their foreheads the ineffaceable brand of condemnation, and they are relegated to the realm of private life to ponder over their unpardonable sin.

After all that has been done during the hours of skirmishing before the real convention battle takes place, there is usually a chaotic condition of affairs prevailing when the delegates meet to ballot for their favorite candidates.

The delegates are seated by districts, and the chairman of the State Central

Committee calls the convention to order. The different candidates are placed in nomination for the respective offices, and balloting takes place by counties. The contest sometimes becomes so animated that it is necessary, technically speaking, to cut a delegate into two and often three pieces, in order to have the vote of a county cast satisfactorily. For instance, there may be three candidates for an office — say state treasurer. One county has sixteen delegates and no pet candidate for that particular office. Having a candidate of their own for some other office, or desiring to treat each candidate fairly and retain the friendship of their supporters, they cast five and one-third votes for each candidate.

The vote of each county is cast by the chairman of the delegation, and the full vote is given whether all or a part of the delegates are present. In this way a delegate may be hundreds of miles away from the convention, industriously harvesting his hay crop or desperately battling with the chinch-bug, and yet his vote may turn the tide.

There are instances in which several hundred ballots are taken before a nomination is made. These instances give the public an idea of the loyalty displayed by delegates for their favorite candidates. Many exciting scenes take place in some of these gatherings; but, as a rule, when the nominations are made, if honest methods have been pursued, peace and good-fellowship reign, and the defeated candidates are usually among the first to congratulate their successful rivals.

Much of the rancor, bitterness and desperate strife which characterized state political conventions in former years has been eliminated in these later times by the cultivation among politicians of those amenities and courtesies which prevail among men in business, professional and social walks of life. It is for this reason that few animosities result from these contests for place, and if any are engendered they are of short duration.

Our present system of politics with all its faults has the gratifying tendency of



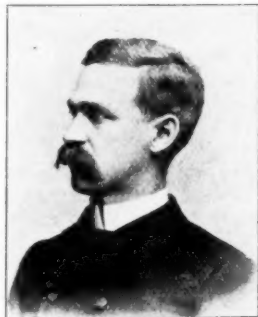
bringing to the front as candidates men entitled to be classed among the ablest and best citizens of the State. To survive the crucial test of searching criticism to which every candidate for public office is subjected by the intelligent voters of the state, the candidate must possess, besides shrewdness as a politician, peculiar fitness and unquestioned ability for the coveted position, coupled with a reputation for honesty and devotion to party and public duty that has survived the test of years. Such men are essentially possessed of breadth of mind, equable in temperament and reasonable in their conclusions and acts. They are men capable of engaging in a fair and honorable contest, and of accepting the cross of defeat as gracefully as the palm of victory. The nominations once made, all the participants in the contest unite in a grand effort for the election of the successful candidates.

Nowhere has this fact been more thoroughly emphasized than in the recent state conventions in Iowa. The men contending for the official positions in the conventions of both the leading political parties prove to be distinguished for high character, breadth of thought, thorough education in the science of politics and keen understanding of problems which interest and affect the people. Aside from the fact that the question of party supremacy is involved, it would seem to make but little difference, as far as public interests are concerned, whether the nominees of one or the other convention shall be victorious in November.

As an illustration of the character and standing and previous condition of servitude of the men who reach the eminence of public favor represented in the nominations made by our party conventions, something of the life and achievements of the nominees of one of the recent conventions is given herewith. A future issue of *THE MIDLAND* may give sketches of the men who have been honored by nominations at the hands of the other great political party in Iowa, but as there are several vacancies on the democratic

ticket as yet not filled, it was not possible to include the same in a single paper. The first political convention of the present year in Iowa was that of the republican party. It was notably strong in its make-up and management, and peculiarly fortunate in its conclusions. It was called to order by the Hon. James E. Blythe, chairman of the State Central Committee.

One of the chief characteristics of Mr. Blythe's chairmanship is his splendid executive and managerial ability. He is peculiarly fitted for the position he has held for the past two years, and to which he has again been chosen. He possesses a strong and indomitable will,



HON. JAMES E. BLYTHE,  
Chairman of the Republican State Central  
Committee.

clear and quick perceptions, an earnestness in all he undertakes that amounts to a passion, and an element of leadership which is conspicuous and exceptional. Mr. Blythe was born in Cranberry, N. J., in 1856. His father was a Presbyterian minister, and young James was reared in an atmosphere of piety and severe discipline. When he was two years of age his parents removed to Vincennes, Ind., where young James attended the public schools. He graduated with honors at the age of twenty-one from Hanover College, having taught school several terms to earn money with which to pay his tuition at college. He then removed to Mason City, Iowa, and entered upon the study of law with Messrs.

Goodykuntz & Wilber, and in 1878 he "hung out his shingle" and began the practice of law, in which profession and practice he has met with eminent success. He is at present a member of the law firm of Blythe, Markley & Smith, a firm enjoying a large practice. Mr. Blythe has been in politics in a local way since 1877. He began by serving as county chairman in the Blaine campaign, a position he held for several years. His marked ability as a political organizer and manager was readily and widely recognized, and he was called to serve the party in higher positions. He became a member of the State Central Committee in 1890, and in 1892 was elected chairman of that body. His work as chairman was so gratifying that he was re-elected to that position in 1893, and again in 1894. He was a member of and recognized leader in the lower house of the Twenty-second and Twenty-third General Assemblies—the latter being the famous deadlock legislature. In 1881, Mr. Blythe was married to Miss Grace B. Smith, at Queensville, Indiana. Two beautiful daughters, Maud and Jane, have blessed this happy union. Mr. Blythe possesses the desirable faculty of "bringing out the vote." This is due to his indomitable energy and close application to the work in hand. He has adopted the Indiana plan of organization, and employs a sub-committeeman in every school district in the state, with whom he is in constant touch. He has, therefore, a vast army of 20,000 trained men subject to his instructions. The test of the efficiency of such an organization as that which Mr. Blythe has secured is demonstrated by the fact that for thirty years prior to the adoption of this plan, in every election following a presidential campaign, when public interest in politics is ebbing, his party has not succeeded in getting out over eighty per cent of the vote. Last year, under Mr. Blythe's management, ninety-six per cent of the presidential vote was secured. There was no good luck about that—it was hard work and plenty of it.

Hon. John N. Baldwin, temporary chairman of the convention referred to, and pre-eminently the orator of the occasion, was born in Council Bluffs, July 9, 1857, where he now resides. He inherited talent and ambition for the law, his father being the Hon. Caleb Baldwin, ex-chief justice of the supreme court of the state of Iowa. At an early age he entered the law department of the Iowa State University, from which he graduated with high honors in June, 1877. Since that time he has been practicing law in Council Bluffs, being at present a member of the well-known firm of Wright & Baldwin. He has never held

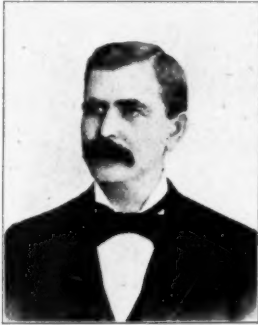


HON. JOHN N. BALDWIN,  
Temporary Chairman of the Convention and  
Orator of the Day.

public office, his ardent love for his profession absorbing all his time and attention. His rare legal acumen and sound judgment have won for him a distinguished position at the bar, and he is the trusted legal counsel of many large firms and corporations. As temporary presiding officer of the late Republican State Convention, Mr. Baldwin won high and well deserved laurels. His speech was a masterpiece of logic and oratory, and evoked storms of rapturous applause from the thousands assembled to hear him. Few young men in the state of Iowa have achieved as great success in their calling as has Mr. Baldwin, and his strict devotion to his profession, together with his honorable and straightforward

methods in business and private life form the foundation of that success, making his career an example to all young men worthy of emulation. His path to prosperity has not been a royal one. His achievements have all been dearly earned and those who know him best, and estimate his abilities at their real value, predict for him a larger success and greater honors in the future.

Hon. W. M. McFarland, secretary of state, and nominee of his party for that position, is a splendid example of what pluck and energy, coupled with high ambition, can accomplish in this land of golden opportunities. To men thus

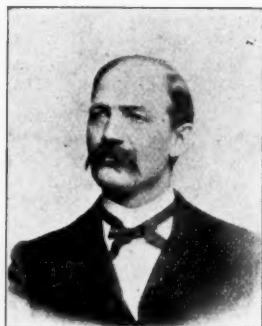


HON. W. M. MCFARLAND,  
Secretary of State.

equipped, the obstacles which all must encounter seem to be a help rather than a hindrance. The tests of emergencies develop their character and strengthen rather than weaken their purposes. Mr. McFarland was born in Posey county, Indiana, in 1848, and when only five years of age removed with his parents to Van Buren county, Iowa, locating on a farm. Being of a studious nature and possessing a retentive mind, he advanced rapidly in his studies, and at an early age graduated from the Iowa Wesleyan University, in the classical and law courses of that institution. A year later he was admitted to the bar, in Eldorado county, California, where for a time he practised law. He was for two years teacher in the chair of mathematics in Napa College,

Napa, California. In 1879 Mr. McFarland was married to Miss Florence Conaway, daughter of Senator John Conaway, of Brooklyn, Iowa. Not yet satisfied with the education he had received, and always looking farther up for greater achievements, after his marriage he took a full law course in the Iowa State University, and graduated therefrom. Few young men in all the west were then better equipped with a legal education than Mr. McFarland. A mind so fertile and elastic as his naturally leaned toward journalism, so that as early as 1875 he had founded the *Brooklyn Chronicle*, which he managed until 1884. In that year he removed to Estherville, and purchased *The Indicator*, which he still owns. In journalism he achieved wide and well-deserved distinction, being a writer of great fluency and vigor. With a mind well stored with knowledge in the field of law and journalism, he naturally drifted into politics. Rather, we should say, he was drawn into the political arena, for such men are born leaders and the people are quick to discover that fact. He was elected to the lower house of the Twenty-second General Assembly by a large majority, and re-elected to the Twenty-third Assembly, from Emmet, Palo Alto and Dickinson counties. But there were still greater honors in store for him, and in 1890 he was elected secretary of state. In 1892 he was re-elected to the important position he had so ably filled during the two preceding years, and again renominated without opposition in 1894. Mr. McFarland is an orator of no mean distinction. On the stump he is a power, while as an after-dinner talker he has few equals in Iowa. His manner is graceful and unaffected, his logic unanswerable and his humor effervescent and inexhaustible. He is very widely esteemed for his courteous and genial ways. His independence, manliness and benevolent, whole-souled spirit have won for him a host of friends all over Iowa and the West larger than he may ever fully realize.

Hon. C. G. McCarthy, the nominee for auditor of state, was born in Toledo, Ontario, in 1843, where he was reared

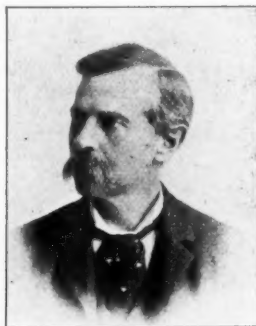


HON. C. G. MCCARTHY,  
Auditor of State.

and educated. In 1864 he removed to Story county, Iowa, and engaged as a school-teacher during the winter of that year, after which he returned to Canada where he remained until 1867, when he again came to Iowa and settled on a farm near Ames. Here he varied his labors by teaching school during the winter. In 1881 he was elected auditor of Story county by the republican party, to which party he has ever been unflinching in his loyalty. He was re-elected for three successive terms, serving in all eight years. The natural tendency of such men as Mr. McCarthy is to advance; and in 1889 he was elected to represent Story county in the legislature. He served on many of the important committees of that body. He was one of the most active, as well as one of the most popular, members of the Twenty-third General Assembly, and did much toward shaping its more important legislation. Mr. McCarthy is a charter member of Sampson Lodge No. 77, Knights of Pythias, and has been Chancellor Commander of his lodge, and has represented it in the Grand Lodge of the state. He was married in 1867 to Miss Laura Barnes of Scott county, and five children have come to gladden their home. His nom-

ination, without opposition, for a second term as state auditor is a compliment well deserved. He is strong in all the essentials that combine to make a valuable and trustworthy state official. He is a man of wonderful business tact, quick to comprehend, and deliberate in judgment. No predecessor has given the banking and insurance business of the state more careful attention, and it is this fact which accounts in a large measure for the low mortality among Iowa banks during the critical days of 1893. Whatever he undertakes to do is done thoroughly and well. He conducts his office as he would manage his own affairs—strictly on business principles—showing no favoritism in his dealings with those who have business relations with the department over which he presides. For this reason he has given general satisfaction as state auditor. Such men as these do the people of Iowa delight to honor—men who accept public office as a public trust, and who bear its responsibilities and perform its duties fearlessly and conscientiously, jealously guarding the sacred interests of the people whom they have been called to serve.

Hon. Milton Remley, the Republican candidate for attorney-general, is a native



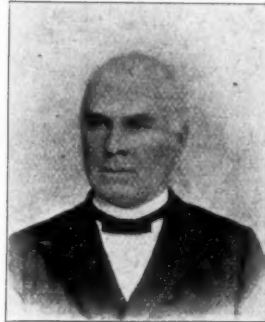
HON. MILTON REMLEY,  
The Convention's Nominee for Attorney-General.

of West Virginia, having been born in Lewisburg in 1844. His father, who was a clergyman, was bitterly opposed to

slavery, and wishing to rear his family where free labor was honorable, he moved to Iowa, in 1855, and located on a farm near Iowa City, where young Milton for several years engaged in agricultural pursuits. But agriculture was not congenial to his tastes. His love for books and constant desire for knowledge caused him to chafe under the restrictions of his home life, and he entered the State University. He graduated in 1867 with the degree of A. B., and subsequently received the degree of A. M. He studied law for a time in an office in Anamosa, where, later on, for six years he successfully engaged in the practice of law. In 1872 he admitted into partnership his brother, H. M. Remley, Esq., and in 1874 removed to Iowa City, where he has since pursued his chosen profession. He has been eminently and justly successful. When at the plough his furrows were always straight. In his profession he is the same. He is thorough and accurate in his work. Few attorneys in Iowa have been engaged in more important cases than Mr. Remley, and he is recognized as one of the leading lawyers of eastern Iowa. In 1888 Mr. Remley was a delegate to the national convention and during several important campaigns he has been active on the stump in Iowa. In 1892, he was one of the republican candidates for elector-at-large. His popularity is not confined to his town alone, for the entire bar of Johnson county, irrespective of party ties, united in a testimonial to his legal attainments and his worth as a man and a citizen. His nomination to the office of attorney-general of the state of Iowa was a splendid compliment, particularly so in view of the fact that there were a number of other strong and able men competing for the place. Mr. Remley is a member of the Baptist church, and at present vice-president of the Baptist State Convention. He is distinctively an Iowa man, and takes great pride in all the achievements and progress of the state where his life has been spent. Two brothers laid down their lives in the war

of the rebellion, one at Vicksburg and the other at Winchester. Mr. Remley enlisted, but was rejected at the urgent request of his parents after the loss of his older brothers.

Judge C. T. Granger, present chief justice of Iowa, and the senior nominee for judge of the supreme court, was born in Monroe county, New York, in 1835. When a small boy he removed with his parents to Ohio, and thence to Illinois when in his thirteenth year. In 1860 he took up his residence in Iowa, and in October of that year was admitted to the bar, and went to Mitchell county. While there he taught school, and was elected



HON. C. T. GRANGER.  
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

to the office of county superintendent of schools, which position he resigned in 1862 to enter the army, as captain of the Twenty-seventh Iowa Infantry. He served until the close of the war, when he returned to Iowa and located in Allamakee county, where he has since resided. Judge Granger served for four years as district attorney in the tenth judicial district, and in 1872 he was elected as circuit judge, serving fourteen years as such. Then, with the change in the judicial system, he was elected as one of the district judges, serving two years, when he was called to a place on the supreme bench, where he has officiated for six years, having been unanimously renominated by the republicans at the July convention. Judge

Granger is a man of dignified presence and genial manner. He is recognized as one of the ablest men who has occupied a seat on the supreme bench of Iowa. He is calm and dispassionate in his temperament, with a clear and vigorous intellect, and his decisions are universally noted for their soundness and fairness.

Judge Horace E. Deemer, the younger republican candidate for associate justice of the supreme court, is a native of Indiana, having been born in Marshall county in 1858. When eight years of age he moved with his parents to Cedar county, Iowa, residing on a farm near Springdale, and attending country schools



HON. H. E. DEEMER,  
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

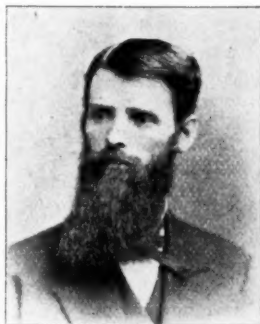
until 1869, when he moved to West Liberty. Here he entered the public schools, and after four years of close application, finished the course under the tutorship of N. W. Macy, at present a district judge. Through the advice of the latter he was induced to enter the State University, in 1873. He then worked in his father's lumber yard, and took a special course in science and the languages, studying at night and during spare hours. In 1876 Mr. Deemer engaged in the furniture and undertaking business in his home town, in which employment he continued until the fall of 1878, when he matriculated in the law department of the State University. Graduating in 1879, he went to Lincoln, Nebraska, and entered the law

office of Lamb, Billingsley & Lambertson. He later formed a partnership with J. M. Junkin, of Red Oak, and engaged in the practice of law in that city, under the firm name of Junkin & Deemer. The business of this firm has constantly increased until it has grown to large proportions. When the legislature passed the act in 1886 changing the judicial districts of the state, Mr. Deemer was nominated as one of the judges, and elected by a large majority. In 1890 he was re-nominated and re-elected by a still larger majority—larger than that of any other candidate on the ticket. In 1894 he was appointed to the office of supreme judge by Governor Jackson, the legislature having passed an act increasing the number of judges on the supreme bench. He was unanimously nominated to succeed himself by the late republican state convention. He was warmly and generously endorsed by the bar of his district for the position to which he was appointed. He possesses judicial ability of a high order and a mind well balanced, and his decisions command the unqualified respect of the bar.

Hon. John Herriott, the convention's nominee for state treasurer, is a native of Pennsylvania, and is fifty years of age. When the war broke out Mr. Herriott was working in a machine shop in Pittsburgh. His loyal and patriotic nature induced him, among the first, to offer his services to the nation, and he enlisted in the First Pennsylvania Reserve Cavalry and went to the front, where he remained for three years, or until the expiration of his enlistment, when he returned to his home where failing health compelled him to remain. He was in all the principal engagements in which his regiment participated, and his body bears to-day the scars of honorable wounds received in service, while his health is considerably enfeebled as a result of a disease contracted during the period of his patriotic sacrifice. Having had meagre educational advantages, Mr. Herriott, on his return from the war, attended school for a time, but his physical condition was



too weak to sustain much mental effort, and he was compelled to abandon his school studies. But nevertheless there are few college graduates who possess a



HON. JOHN HERRIOTT,  
The Choice of the Convention for Treasurer of State.

better practical education than Mr. Herriott. He has been a great reader of books and a close student of current events all his years, and has outstripped in the race of life many men who had unlimited early advantages. In 1865 Mr. Herriott came to Scott county, Iowa, and engaged in farming until 1873, when he removed to Stuart and opened a book and drug store, in which business he is still engaged. In politics Mr. Herriott has always been a devoted and active republican. In 1877 he was elected treasurer of Guthrie county and served for four years. He was a member of the State Central Committee in 1885-6-7, and chairman of his county committee during the last gubernatorial contest, largely increasing the vote of his party in that county by uniting opposing factions. He is prominent in the councils of the Republican League of Iowa, and was its treasurer in 1892-3. In his home county he is "guide, philosopher and friend." No worthy cause ever appealed to him in vain for assistance, and as a mediator between antagonistic individuals and factions he has a reputation that is wide-spread and enviable. As an evidence of his general popularity it may

be said that on hearing of his nomination for state treasurer, the business men of his home city, regardless of party, united in a congratulatory telegram, which was sent to him at Des Moines. Mr. Herriott can look forward to a serene and peaceful old age. His wife and three sons and one daughter remain to cheer his declining years. One son is a graduate of Iowa College and the John Hopkin's University, and at present editor of the *University Extension Magazine* in Philadelphia. In the hands of John Herriott Iowa's finances will be safe. There will be no defalcations during his term of office, nor any misappropriation of state funds that he can prevent.

Hon. Charles L. Davidson is the republican candidate for railway commissioner. Self-made men rarely ever thrust themselves into public notice. Born and reared in comparative obscurity, they are so earnestly engaged in achieving success in the line of their ambition that they are usually unwilling to believe themselves worthy of any special consideration. This applies with force to Mr. Davidson. As a result of his untiring energy and unswerving devotion to right and duty he has attained enviable eminence. He



HON. C. L. DAVIDSON,  
The Convention's Choice for Railroad Commissioner.

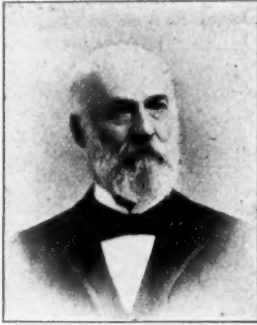
was born in Knox county, Ohio, in 1846. When he was a lad of only four and a half years his mother died, and he found a home in the family of John Robertson,

a staunch United Scotch-Presbyterian, who became his foster parent, and to whom he is greatly indebted for those lessons and examples of right and honor that were so instrumental in shaping and rounding out his honorable and successful career in life. At the age of fourteen he removed to Iowa and located in Louisa county, where he engaged in farming. Later he moved to Washington county, and, in 1862, when brave men were needed, young Davidson enlisted in Company A, Twenty-fifth Iowa, commanded by Senator Palmer. After three years of meritorious service, during which time he took part in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, where he was wounded, and in the siege of Vicksburg, and the engagements at Arkansas Post, Cherokee Station and Caney's Creek; he was mustered out July 5, 1865. He returned home and took up his studies at school, having enlisted while he was preparing for college. After acquiring all the education his time and means would permit, he engaged in the real estate business at Galesburg, Illinois. In 1871 he returned to the Hawkeye State and located in Hancock county. Two years later he removed to Kosuth county, to Osceola county in 1875 and Sioux county in 1879, locating at Hull, where he has since resided. In 1878 Mr. Davidson graduated in the law department of the Northwestern University in Chicago. His study of law was to more fully prepare himself for business life. He has been an extensive dealer in real estate, having handled the larger portion of the northern part of the Des Moines river lands, the Iowa land of the Sioux City and St. Paul railway, and the grants of the McGregor & Missouri railway. He has improved and sold as farms 16,000 acres of land during the past fifteen years. Mr. Davidson represented Lyons, Plymouth and Sioux counties in the lower house of the Nineteenth General Assembly. He was president of the State Sunday School Association in 1885; was department commander of the G. A. R. of Iowa in 1891; commander Company E of the Fourth Regiment, Iowa

National Guard for five years; judge-advocate of the Second Brigade for two years, and is at present one of the commissioners of the Iowa Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown. The subject of this sketch sprang from a military ancestry. His grandfather was adjutant of the Thirty-fourth United States Infantry, and his father a colonel in the Ohio militia. His great grandfather was second in command under Commodore Perry during the historic engagement on Lake Erie. Associated with his brother and others he founded the Hull Educational Institute, and has been largely instrumental in endowing that worthy institution. He is a tried friend of the soldier, and by personal efforts has secured thirty thousand dollars in pensions for the veterans in his own town and vicinity, without charging for his services, and in many cases paying the expenses himself. Mr. Davidson is a Knight Templar. He is a home man in every sense of the word, being intensely devoted to his family and thoroughly domestic in his nature. He wears all his honors gracefully and without ostentation. His nomination as railroad commissioner in a contest among several of Iowa's brainiest and most popular men is a compliment which needs no emphasis here.

Hon. C. T. Jones, the convention's nominee for clerk of the supreme court, possesses those qualities of head and heart which endear him to a large army of friends, all of whom will be pleased to know that well-deserved honors have come to him in his later years. Mr. Jones is a native of Kentucky, and was born in 1837. His parents removed to the territory of Iowa in 1842, locating in Louisa county, and afterward, in 1850, removing to Washington county. When only twelve years old Mr. Jones was thrown upon his own resources, and from that age forward was self-supporting. He procured an education in the public schools and took a partial course in Washington college. He afterwards went through a thorough course in the study of law, and was admitted to the

bar. Later on he again entered Washington College with the intention of taking a full collegiate course, but in 1861, when



HON. C. T. JONES,  
The Convention's Nominee for Clerk of the  
Supreme Court.

the war broke out, he enlisted in Company H, Second Iowa Infantry, and was discharged in the fall of that year on account of injuries received in service. In 1864 he was elected clerk of the district court of Washington county, and served for ten years, when he engaged in the practice of law with J. F. McJunkin. This partnership continued for six years, when Mr. Jones retired to accept a clerkship under the late E. J. Holmes, then clerk of the supreme court of Iowa. When Mr. Pray was elected to that office Mr. Jones became his deputy, a position he still occupies. His thorough knowledge of all the details of that office made him a desirable candidate, and at the July convention he was unanimously nominated for the position of clerk of the supreme court. Mr. Jones brings to his work the ripe experience of fourteen years' constant labor in the office to which he aspires, together with long established habits of precision, care and attention to details, which are all-important requisites in such a position.

Hon. Benjamin I. Salinger, republican nominee for supreme court reporter, is a native of Germany, and one of those aggressive and industrious products of the Fatherland who have made the most

of the advantages afforded by their adopted country. He was born in Posen, Germany, 1862, and at the age of ten emigrated with his parents to America. From early childhood he was ambitious to be a lawyer, and while a mere boy he began to read law at Waverly, Iowa, alternating his pursuit after legal lore by acting as cow-herder and farm laborer, meanwhile gaining access to all books possible and finally blossoming out as a country school teacher in Hamilton county. He afterwards read law for a while at Webster City, and while yet a minor he engaged in justice practice at Spencer. One day he found himself bankrupt in purse and took the road to find work. He secured a position as school teacher in a German settlement near the present site of Holstein, at \$25 a month, and out of school hours cleaned morning-glories out of corn-fields to earn his board. When his school term was ended he herded cattle and lived in a shanty, where he boarded himself. Mr. Morse, then postmaster at Ida, kindly loaned him Bancroft's History, and with these volumes the young and ambitious student whiled away the long hours of evening. Later on he secured work on a farm, and after-



HON. B. I. SALINGER,  
The Convention's Nominee for Supreme Court Reporter.

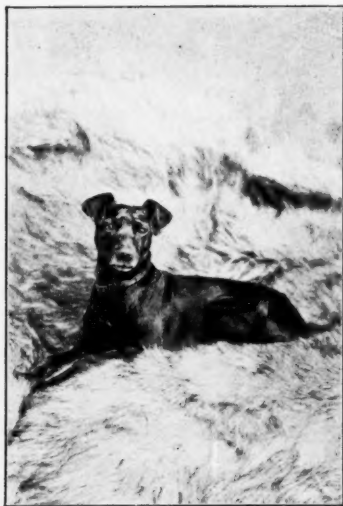
wards taught school several terms.] In 1881, he married Miss Lucy N. Boylan. About this time the town of Manning was

laid out. Young Salinger located there and worked at lathing until the first school was organized, when he was engaged as its principal. Every Saturday he walked to West Side, a distance of thirteen miles, to teach a private class in German. While teaching at Manning he was admitted to the bar, and shortly after he gave his entire attention to the practice of law, in which he has since been successfully engaged. Mr. Salinger has never been an office-holder. He was permanent chairman of the state convention at which Captain Hutchison was nom-

inated for governor, and the congressional convention at which Dolliver was first named. During the first Harrison campaign he made a number of speeches in Connecticut, New Jersey and New York City, under the direction of the National Republican Committee, and also on the Pacific coast in 1892. His law practice extends to six counties adjoining Carroll, and he has a large business in the supreme court. Mr. Salinger has earned the success he has achieved, as may be seen by a glance at the foregoing sketch of his life.

## A DOG'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By H. ROY MOSNAT.



SANCHO PANSA SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

**M**Y name is Sancho Pansa. Some call me a cur, but to that I object. My first peep of day was on April 1, 1882. It was in a very humble home. The children, poor things, had nothing but kindness to give us, and that was given without stint.

We were a nest full of happy little fellows, as much alike as peas in a pod. All of us got into good homes and turned out well—all but Toby, my wayward brother, who "went to the dogs." We could foretell his end from the beginning, he was so willful.

Brick Pomeroy found his way into a family of old folks who considered him almost human. Poor Brick is dead. His death occurred about a year ago, to the regret of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. He came to his end by poison.

Nero became the property of a rich railroad contractor and is living in ease and plenty.

Noble was noble by name and nature and, as he richly deserves, fares well in a good family.

Toby and I found homes in the same neighborhood, and of course we had a true brotherly feeling for each other; but, had I not been naturally a home-staying dog, Toby might have succeeded in making a vagabond of me. Toby is the black sheep in our family—if I may apply that term to a dog.

I hear more and more about pedigree of late. I wish I had one. It covers a multitude of faults and failings—and

sins, too. I, at least, know nothing bad about myself. I know my mother's name was Lady and my sire's name was Pedro, and that I had four brothers.

One day, when I was a month old, two little fellows came to the door to buy a dog. Our mistress invited them in and asked them to take their pick; we were all for sale, except Toby—he was already sold. After carefully handling and examining us, and after much thinking and talking the matter over, the boys finally selected me, because I kissed their faces and nibbled at their fingers. How gently they handled me! One said: "Don't cry for your mamma, wee little dog, we'll be good to you and we'll give you a pretty name, Sancho Pansa." I loved them dearly from that very minute.

I cost them just one dollar, and I know they never regretted their investment; for many times they refused ten, and once fifty, dollars for me.

I passed my puppyhood in the barn, where every evening the boys and I would part with tears. I would be nearly crazy with delight in the morning when they came for me. Afterwards I was allowed to join the family circle, where I have remained ever since. The mistress gave me a bed which had been made for her dollies more than twenty years before.

I was reared a pet. My education was completed in the kindergarten, which I attended for two years. Never in that time did I make the children laugh and play. I was many times made an object of special study in the school. For this purpose I was often examined, and by actual count I was found to have ten more toes than any child in school. The children always thought it wonderful that my tail would curl; but there is nothing wonderful about it, for it is the nature of the tail to curl.

A lover (?) of dogs once visited at our house and suggested that clipping my ears and cutting my tail would improve my looks and worth.

I fairly shook with fear; but was soon relieved by hearing my masters exclaim

indignantly, "That would be cruel!" But still the visitor urged his point, saying with a grin, "If you think it will hurt him too much, why do as the Dutchman did, cut off a little at a time."

The boys didn't see anything to smile at in this cruel suggestion. They hugged me in their arms and said, "There, Sancho Pansa, don't tremble so; you shall keep your tail as long as you live, and your ears too." To this day I am grateful for their kindness there and then. Think of a dog of my dignity and social standing in a cur-tailed condition!

Sometimes the curl is all out of my tail; but this is only once in a while and for a short period. A time I shall never forget is when a tin can was tied to it. It took me a week to get over the feeling of disgrace!

I think the cause of my being poisoned so often is because I will pick up food lying around. Not because I am hungry, but because it is my nature to do so. Since my last dose of poison, I haven't been very spry. Mistress said that had not the castor oil been handy it would have been the "Last of the Mohicans." I suppose she meant that it would have killed me.

One beautiful summer day our folks went picnicking and, of course, I went along. I felt so frisky! I ran, leaped, barked and chased birds and squirrels to my heart's content. I must have overheated myself, or been sunstruck, for I fell insensible by the roadside and would have perished there had I not been picked up and laid upon a piece of ice. It was long before I came to my senses. I came to just in time to escape freezing to death. Since that day I have preferred riding to long-distance walking.

Once, at another picnic, I ate so much ice cream, it made me as "sick as a dog" for a whole day.

I don't like to board. I am always lonesome when I do.

I like Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving; but I have no time for the Fourth of July. Such a noise! Why, I spend the greater part of the day under the bed!

I am not a fighting dog. I am a rat dog. If any one says, "Rats!" I am "on to the racket" at once. Many and many a time I have killed rats by the dozen. I ought to have kept a record of my achievements as a rat-catcher. I might have started a family pedigree on that record.

I hate muzzles. The most miserable day of my life was the first time I ever wore one. O horrors! what a sane dog is compelled to endure for what they call the public good!

I don't like Indians. The boys tell me they make soup of dogs. I keep away from them, and so keep out of the soup.

I like to have collars in correct style and am always unhappy if the fit is not good. Many a collar has been slipped over my head by some designing boy for the purpose of getting something in the shape of a money reward for it by returning it to my mistress. I have a horror of the pound-master.—But let us change the subject.

O! but the fun I've had with strange cats! Once a big tom-cat turned on me, and you should have seen the fur fly!

I take great delight in scattering chickens. I keep at this until I am tired. Then I come into the house and lie down to rest on my rug in front of the fire-place. The fire-place was built for me, you know.

My mistress is sometimes annoyed at my scratching up the rug in front of the

fire-place. I know I ought not to scratch it up, yet, I do. It's habit.

I'm getting old and gray. A bad boy yesterday said I was "getting stiff on my pins." It has been truly said that "every dog has his day." Mine is fast drawing to a close.

I have some histrionic talent. I once acted on the stage as the street Arab's faithful friend; one of my little masters played the part of the Arab. Everybody said we did splendidly; but we both looked too well kept for our parts. I know but few tricks,—I can speak, shake hands and sit on my hind legs. I might also add that I have studied ornamental writing. You should see me at the writing table with a pen behind my ear!

How I have filled up my allotted time is shown in this autobiography, in which I have neither disguised nor concealed anything; nor have I boasted of anything that I have never actually done, and that's more than can be said of some autobiographies men have written.

Although I have had a great many "close scrapes" and dangerous adventures, and have been poisoned almost fifteen times, the only scar I have to remind me of them is one on my right front foot that I got when a wheel caught me once. It is a wonder I lived to tell the tale.

Your humble servant,

SANCHO PANSÁ.

## HOME THEMES.

BY MARY E. P. SMITH.

Before me stretches a level country road. On either side are the rich, wide-spread fields. Over all is a cloudless summer sky. Besides myself and the grave-faced little occupant of the baby carriage, whose moving power for the time being I am, there is no one in sight. A Sabbath peacefulness seemingly reigns. For the moment the flight of years is nothing; so true it is, that "childhood

can never die." I am a child again in an old-fashioned garden many a mile away. There are two of us, and up in the boughs of the early apple tree or under the shady grape arbors we read our Sabbath-school books—books which I can reproduce now almost word for word, while many a more pretentious book read since has been forgotten. The air is sweet with garden heliotrope and



old-fashioned pinks, and there are bushes of variegated roses and clumps of monkshood and beds of violets. Those summer Sabbaths! How long and peaceful and quiet they were! But never an hour too long for the child, to whom the week seemed as long as a half-year is now! All the Sabbaths that have come later on have been sweeter because of them. It is as if some of the petals of those variegated roses had been laid away among the days of my life and had imparted to all of them a delicate fragrance. The grave-faced little lad and I went slowly home. We saw a long passenger train sweep past and I drew the carriage to the side of the road to make room for more than one merry company bound for German picnic and dance. But these could not detract from the sacredness of the day. The Sabbath itself with its accompaniment of sweet old memories remains serene and unchanged.

Years ago, in an old sandstone church in New Zealand, a minister of the kirk of Scotland was preaching. Terribly in earnest, he broke out finally:

"Think ye, my brethren, that if a mon gae on sinnin' until he's forty or fifty or

sixty years auld, think ye that there's savin' grace for him then? Nay! verily, verily, nay!"

Then uprose a woman with a strong Scotch face, and a voice that rang out, as clear as a bell:

"Yea! verily, verily, yea!"

Long as the lamp holds out to burn.  
The vilest sinner may return."

Her son told me this, and as I had heard him say shortly before, very quietly, but with tears in his eyes: "I love the Lord Jesus Christ with my whole heart; I would die for him if need be," and again, being warned against putting himself in a position of danger for the truth's sake: "It is a good cause. I know of no better way to die." As I recalled this, I said to myself, "Blood will tell. It is the spirit of the old Covenanters over again."

Far away from his native island, in a little, obscure Iowa village, this sturdy young Scotchman battles with intemperance and unbelief. Somewhere back in the past, I doubt not that his line of ancestry is clouded with the smoke of the martyr's funeral fire.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

### BATTLE-FLAG DAY.

THE State of Iowa has performed a wise and graceful act which is commanding the respectful consideration of her sister states. She has gathered together the flags and banners carried by her volunteer soldiers in the War of the Rebellion on the historic marches and in the famous battles with which the Iowa regiments are associated. These emblems are to be placed in sealed glass cases in the rotunda of the State House, where they are to remain, conspicuously recalling the part performed by the commonwealth in the suppression of treason rampant and the restoration of the Union. Hereafter when the

stranger visits the Capitol, he will need ask no questions as to the part performed by Iowa in the heroic achievement of the century. Those sun-browned, wind-whipped, bullet-ridden, blood-stained emblems of our nationality preserved will eloquently tell their own story of the response of the young western commonwealth to the calls made upon the patriotism of the country. And as the citizens of the state visit and revisit their Capitol, no points of interest will equal those which shall include these relics of our heroic epoch. The children of the future will here, standing in the presence of these emblems of devotion and sacrifice, receive from an invisible presence a veritable baptism of patriotism.

Next to the flags themselves — yes, of more real interest to the thousands assembled in Des Moines on "Battle-Flag Day" (August 10th) — was that long line of veteran Iowa soldiers marching to the old-time music of drum and fife and to the scarcely less thrilling strains of the military bands echoing the never-to-be-forgotten songs of the camp. Others had hoped, and longed, and prayed "for the war to cease"; but there in the ranks were living relics of that grand army of citizen-soldiers who had actually achieved peace through victory! When we count the intervening years, the wonder is that so many of these veterans were still erect and strong and full of the contagious enthusiasm of youth. But many, alas! were bowed and bent with years, with ills that follow the fatigues and hardships of camp-life, and with wasting wounds — tragic mementoes of battle.

It was in the largest sense of the term a democratic procession. In the ranks along with Generals Noble, Williamson, Shaw and Stibbs, and Congressmen Hull and Lacey, and high officials of the state, and men honored in literature, journalism, and the learned professions, marched the humblest citizen-soldier, by every one acknowledged to be entitled, equally with the greatest and most highly honored, to the proudest appellation which can be given any citizen — that of Patriot. The addresses of the day by Governor Jackson and Congressman Lacey and the poem of the occasion by Major Byers, the undisputed poet laureate of Iowa, were worthy of the occasion, reaching and maintaining the high attitude in which men's thoughts freely ranged upon that day of days.

Those of us fortunate enough to have witnessed that other historic procession, the Grand Review with which the great military drama of the war was concluded, found much in this event to bring back the soul-stirring scenes of those two historic days way back in '65. The grandeur of that greater event, like that of Battle Flag Day, was not in the brilliancy of the scene. There was no eye-delighting

pageantry. It was the moral sublimity of the scene which lifted it above all other spectacles witnessed in our time. The bronzed faces, the faded, dust-covered and worn uniforms, the shattered flag-staffs and bullet-pierced flags, all told of the fierce battle-storms through which those men had passed; told of the long marches through swamps and morasses over which malaria brooded, along hot and dusty highways, over rough mountains, down into valleys where the shadow of death threatened, over ramparts bristling with cannon, in the face of trenches rattling with death-dealing hail, across fields fenced round with bristling bayonets. When we connect the event of this our yesterday with that larger event in our now historic past, how solemn the thoughts that rise! These veterans of yesterday felt the same well-remembered thrill which in their youth had lifted them above themselves and carried them to soul-levels more exalted than they had ever dreamed were possible to them. But many, prematurely aged, found that their stiffened limbs and rounded shoulders would not respond to their eager will. The children of our public schools, drilled in perfect time, could not quite comprehend how men who had been soldiers could lose step and lag behind. But the older men in line, and their wives and children too, knew all too well with what an effort they were doing their part in the general purpose to make Battle Flag Day memorable.

In the light of history, looking upon the far-reaching consequences of the service performed by the Nation's citizen-soldiers, how great and ever increasingly great appears that service! And how ungrateful seems the spirit of certain self-styled reformers, who, in the name of economy, would whittle down, or withhold entirely, the small stipends doled out by government to save the indigent veteran, and the government as well, from the humiliating spectacle of the Nation's defenders knocking for admittance at the poor-house door! We as a people have, let us believe, passed be-

yond the reactionary period in which these pension reformers flourished,—beyond all further confusion of issues as to the value of the deeds and sacrifices of our volunteer army. While our people have no sympathy with frauds in any form, they also have no sympathy with the spirit which would weigh in ill-balanced scales along with a few million dollars the achievements and sacrifices of the men who, when the crisis came, stood between the government and those who sought to take its life.

IN their mad race for precedence in combined costliness and cheapness—costliness to the publisher and cheapness to the reader—it is inevitable that at least a half-dozen of the cheaper Eastern magazines must fail. The first to suspend is *Worthington's*, and one of the best and most regretted of its class.

MAJOR BYERS' recollections of General Sherman, in the August *McClure's*, has revived so much interest in our western Soldier that its author would seem to be warranted in putting his Sherman material together in a book. The Major was the intimate personal friend of General Sherman and had access to the General's correspondence, much of which has never seen print. He himself has hundreds of letters from General Sherman and a head full of unrecorded characteristic sayings of his chief.

HOWELLS, in *Harper's* for August, quotes Hawthorne as "curious as to the West, which he seemed to fancy much more purely American, and said he would like to see some part of the country on which the shadow, or, if I must be precise, the damned shadow of Europe had not fallen." It is refreshing to hear from the greatest of American romancists this rebuke to the modern anglomaniacs in literature. The Hawthornes of the future will develop in the West, out from under the shadow of Europe which, with here and there a gratifying exception, is blighting the literature of the East.

THE twentieth century question of National Irrigation begins to loom. The question, generalized, is: Can we continue to depend upon the clouds for free transportation of waste-water from the great lakes, the gulf and the ocean back to the fields and farms and towns? or shall we be compelled to provide transportation therefor, regardless of cost?

LAST year's pass-words in business circles are about to be exchanged for the good old words "Hope" and "Confidence." Times will not much longer continue to be artificially "close" and "hard." The recovery of the world of trade is begun and, while we may not look for a phenomenal recovery, we can with reasonable certainty count on a steady improvement in the state of trade.

A MISSOURI minister of the gospel, one E. E. Wiley, was refused a hearing by the Sedalia Chautauqua because he had umpired a base-ball game on Sunday. Such Sabbath-day exemplification of the new "gospel of physical culture" could hardly come under the head of "preaching to edification."

How insignificant seem the figures which represent the estimated cost of the War of the Rebellion,—three billion five hundred million dollars,—and the aggregate sums paid the government's pensioners,—five billion dollars,—when compared with the most conservative estimate of the losses sustained by the business interests of the country during the memorable year of panic, 1893! Bradstreet puts the minimum of loss to trade last year at ten billion dollars.

SENATOR QUAY'S tariff speech of one hundred and twenty pages, read to an unheeding senate at odd times as occasion offered, is said to be the longest speech ever perpetrated on any legislative body. May no future legislator ever seek to rob this man of the bad eminence he has so laboriously earned!

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

Julia Ward Howe, Octave Thanet, George F. Parker, Mary J. Reid and other famous authors are under agreement for contribution to the MIDLAND in the immediate future.

Mr. Aldrich's article on Jefferson Davis and Black Hawk, and other interesting articles, in the October number.

"An Exposition Episode," a charming story by Mrs. Celia A. Currier, of Iowa City, will soon appear along with a fine poem by Elizabeth A. Moore, of Moorestown, New Jersey, entitled "In the Woman's Building."

D. M. M.'s few lines of inquiry in the July and August MIDLAND, relative to the purchase of a newspaper, brought numerous answers, and the result is the purchase of a paper.

Mr. Julien Richards, staff correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, will in next month's MIDLAND continue his interesting reminiscences.

Miss Emelie T. Stowe will contribute an October sketch and a short poem to the next number of the MIDLAND.

Judge Nourse's able contribution to the social problem is deferred till the October number, owing to the Judge's illness, delaying the proofs.

Miss Mary Bowen, a talented young student, artist and author, has gone from Grinnell to England for the purpose of completing her studies in the classics. Miss Bowen has contributed a delightful bit of description recounting her visit to Hampstead on the occasion of the unveiling of the Keats statue, erected by the poet's American admirers. Other sketches, illustrated by herself, are promised.

The MIDLAND is gathering a valuable and deeply interesting series of war

sketches and stories; also a valuable series of papers on John Brown in Iowa and Kansas. This fall and winter numbers of the MIDLAND will be enriched with these articles.

Embarrassed by the MIDLAND's rapidly increasing list and sales, the publisher requests that all who desire extra copies of the October number will order them *at once*, before the first sixteen pages of that number are printed, after which it is too late to increase the edition.

The publisher could have sold a thousand more copies of the August MIDLAND if he had had them, so great was the demand for them. The September edition is fifteen hundred more than the August, and the October edition will be still larger.

Colonel Keatley on Alaskan Life, Mr. Hill's "Along English Hedge-rows," Rev. Dr. Gist on a visit to the Concord home of Emerson, a series of literary papers by Mrs. Lillian Monk, "Octave Thanet at Home," by Mary J. Reid and other articles "too numerous to mention" are booked for future numbers of THE MIDLAND.

"Uncle Eben's Philosophy, the Chadron, Nebraska, Journal Philosopher's Conclusions down to Date," will be given a page in the next MIDLAND and in subsequent numbers. The matter contained in this philosophy is prepared especially for THE MIDLAND and will afterwards appear in the Chadron *Journal*. It abounds in the quaint humor and keen wisdom of the plantation. Its author's identity is unknown except to the Chadron *Journal* editor and the editor of THE MIDLAND. Future readers of this magazine are likely to rejoice in THE MIDLAND's Nebraska discovery.

### A PRIZE NUMBER.

The October number of the MIDLAND will be distinctively a Prize Number. Besides much other choice reading matter the October MIDLAND will contain the three Prize Contributions recently designated by the respective committees to whom they were referred, as follows:

*First.* The Prize Poem, "The Butterfly," by Mr. ARTHUR GRISSOM, of Independence, Mo., with a fine portrait of the author.

*Second.* The Prize Story, "The Herald of the Great White Christ," a splendid historical romance of the old South-

west, by VERNER Z. REED, of Colorado Springs, Colo., with illustrations by the eminent artists, Sauerwen, of Philadelphia, and Craig, of Denver, the last named among the foremost delineators of Indian life. Mr. Reed's portrait will accompany his story.

*Third.* The Prize Club Paper, entitled "The Art of Conversation," by MRS. ALENA D. (Mrs. J. M.) WHITTAKER, and entered by the Iowa Woman's Club of Marshalltown, Iowa, a paper selected from a large number of excellent club contributions. Mrs. Whittaker's portrait will appear with her paper.

## THE MIDLAND PORTFOLIO.

EDWARD W. HUNTER, the newly appointed postmaster of the city of Des Moines, was born in the state of New York in 1855, where he was reared and educated. In 1872, when a lad of seventeen, he joined the large procession of ambitious young men who were seeking fame and fortune in the great West, and located in Iowa, where he entered the service of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway Company. It was in a humble capacity that he started; but the young man possessed a natural aptitude for business, coupled with an energy that was tireless and an ambition which no obstacle could overcome, and his progress toward higher positions of trust and responsibility was rapid and certain. The high position he holds to-day in the business and political world is the result of his business ability, strictly temperate habits and personal endeavor. Fame and fortune were not his birthright. He began life with no inheritance save good parentage, a rugged constitution, a mind clear and retentive, and an energy that was indomitable and inexhaustible.

In the political arena Mr. Hunter has acquired wide and notable distinction. His exceptional business tact, as well as his political sagacity, has long been recognized in Iowa and in the nation. To his marked ability as an organizer and his shrewd tactics as a political manager was largely due the election of Governor Boies in two successive campaigns. He served for ten years as a member of the Iowa Democratic State Central Committee, for two terms being complimented by his party with the chairmanship of that important body. His business relations throughout Iowa, and more notably

in Des Moines, have been uniformly pleasant and successful.

At the termination of a long and active contest, Mr. Hunter was appointed by President Cleveland postmaster of the city of Des Moines, and was confirmed by the senate two days later. The exceptionally brief interval between the appointment and confirmation is, of itself, a compliment to Mr. Hunter. The office of postmaster of the capital city of Iowa is one of the most important federal offices in the state, and however men may differ in their views as to who should have succeeded Postmaster Brandt, it is generally conceded that Mr. Hunter will bring to his work business ability, executive force, and attention to detail that will insure a successful administration. He will put into effect a vigorous policy in the management of his office, and the public may rest assured that the service, in all departments of the postoffice, will be the best that systematic effort and close application on the part of its chief can develop.



EDWARD W. HUNTER.



## THE MIDLAND PORTFOLIO. II.

THOMAS A. CHESHIRE

in his life career and achievements presents to the ambitious an example of energy and devotion to principle and duty that is every way worthy of emulation. He was born April 2, 1854, in Poweshiek county, Iowa, in a log cabin, on a farm where his parents then resided. When he was a lad of seven years, his father enlisted in Capt. Frank T. Campbell's regiment, leaving young Thomas to be the support and protector of the wife and mother. With the aid of an uncle, who was only ten years old, Thomas managed to raise sufficient corn and grain to maintain the family.

He was educated in the public schools of Montezuma and for a short time attended Iowa College at Grinnell, and also the University at Iowa City. He graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan in 1876. Prior to his law course he entered the office of the *Montezuma Republican*, the paper owned by his father. Here he served for three years, acquiring a thorough knowl-

edge of the "art preservative." After graduating in the law, he practiced for one year, and on the death of his father in 1877, in order to keep intact the estate left by him, Young Cheshire took charge of the *Republican*, which, in company with his brother, he purchased from the estate.

In 1877 he was elected mayor of Montezuma and served acceptably. He was for several years attorney for the board of supervisors of Poweshiek county, and in 1886 was nominated for county attorney, but declined.

He came to the Capital City in 1886 and opened a law office on the East Side, where he remained four years. In 1890 he was offered an equal partnership with the law firm of Cole & McVey, which he accepted. This firm of Cole, McVey & Cheshire was dissolved in June, 1892, Judge Cole retiring, and the firm became McVey & Cheshire.

He has since devoted himself assiduously to his profession, taking, however, more or less active interest in politics. In 1890 he was selected by Attorney-General

Stone as special counsel for the state, and since that time has prepared nearly all the criminal appeals to the supreme court for the attorney-general. In 1893 he was nominated for state senator by the republicans of Polk county, and was elected by over 3,000 plurality. During his first term in the senate he won a leading place among the statesmen of Iowa, taking an active part in all legislation, and serving on prominent committees. His voice was always heard in defense of the rights of the people, and his principal speeches were widely quoted and complimented. Such is in outline the life record of one of Iowa's brainiest and most promising men.



THOMAS A. CHESHIRE.



# GROWTH OF AN IOWA TOWN.

WHAT ENERGY, HARMONY AND FAITH IN IOWA HAVE DONE.

**Invest Your Money In Iowa, and Look Over Your Investment  
Before You Make It.**

The study of shrewd and practical men to-day is how to harmonize the various interests of business and society so that each one will help the other, and in so doing receive a benefit in return. It is on this principle that the phenomenal success achieved by

## The City of Oelwein,

has been secured. Three years ago OELWEIN was a small hamlet. To-day it has 2,600 inhabitants, every one working in harmony with his or her neighbor. Thirty-nine new houses are being erected this month (July); a \$30,000 brick block is being built by Jamison Bros., bankers, and other and greater enterprises are taking shape. OELWEIN has a creamery that sold \$94,000 worth of butter last year, and is situated in the center of the finest agricultural region in the world.

## THE OELWEIN LAND COMPANY

has a contract with the Chicago, Great Western Railway to move its shops from St. Paul to Oelwein. The present pay roll of the shops in St. Paul is \$35,000 per month, which will be doubled after removal. The Oelwein Land Company has formed two syndicates in Oelwein of \$20,000 each, to purchase one tract of 200 lots at wholesale at \$100 each, and one tract of 200 lots at \$125 each, and has already sold \$22,000 worth of lots in Des Moines at \$125 per lot; such gentlemen as Governor Jackson, State Auditor McCarthy, Capt. Head, president of the Iowa Bankers State Bank, and many other leading men of Des Moines having made investments. Several prominent Des Moines ladies have also joined the syndicate. The Company has an option on over 2,000 acres surrounding the entire city, which is offered in five, ten, and forty acre tracts at reasonable prices, giving purchasers of lots the opportunity to profit by the rise in real estate values. There are now 500 houses within the old corporate limits. There are 1,600 lots added to the city, making it one and one quarter mile square. When the present population is doubled the 1,600 lots will be absorbed, and that will be done when the new shops are in operation.

## A \$2,500,000 College.

Five hundred acres have been set aside on which to build a non-sectarian, classical college to cost \$2,500,000. This institution is to have twelve chairs, each liberally endowed—a Y. M. C. A. chair, a W. C. T. U. chair, a Christian Endeavor chair, an Epworth League chair, and eight others. The idea is to unite and harmonize all religious denominations in a great college which will offer to the masses a complete college course of five years for only \$6.00 a year, or interest on three thousand scholarships to be sold at \$100, payable at the end of the five years' course.

## WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

These, in brief, are some of the reasons why OELWEIN is a safe place for investment. There are many others: Lots purchased for \$150 a few weeks ago are now selling readily for \$300 and \$325, as shown by the list of transfers in the recorder's office. Write for full particulars to,

**E. F. HOUSE,**  
Or, BURKE & BLAISE, Gen. Manager Oelwein Land Co., Oelwein, Iowa.  
Clapp Block, Des Moines, Iowa.

When you write please mention "The Midland Monthly."

## COMMENT BY CORRESPONDENTS AND THE PRESS.

A FEW AMONG MYRIAD ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM CORRESPONDENTS AND NEWSPAPERS.

I have received THE MIDLAND with your [Mary J. Reid's] very good paper on Riley.—Edmund Clarence Stedman, New York.

THE MIDLAND grows better with every issue.—W. F. Muse, Ottumwa.

I enjoy your magazine very much.—Grace E. Perkins, St. Paul.

THE MIDLAND is gaining warm friends here and we anticipate a great and helpful future for it.—Mary Helen Carter, Hesper, Iowa.

I appreciate your brave effort to establish a literary cult in the Mississippi valley.—R. S. Galer, Esq., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Your MIDLAND is bound to succeed as we are in need of a purely western magazine.—Prof. E. C. Grubbs, University of Omaha.

I have been reading THE MIDLAND, and I like it.—Walter Hall Jewett, Chicago.

Your magazine shows marked improvement month by month.—William Hayward, Spirit Lake.

I have noted with pleasure the success of your magazine.—Florence E. Clark, New York.

Best wishes for the continued prosperity of your excellent magazine.—Marie Edith Beynon, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

Enjoy its pages very much.—Marion H. Dampman, Petersburg, Va.

Very much pleased with the evidences of prosperity and growth of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. We think you have made a remarkable success the first year and have every reason to feel hopeful for the future.—Chas. B. Keeler, Ass't Gen. Solicitor C. M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago.

I have watched the growth of your magazine with much interest and with no small desire for its abundant success. The West ought to support at least one good magazine.—Hon. John M. Stahl, Chicago, Secretary of the Farmers' National Congress.

I want to congratulate you on the improved appearance of THE MIDLAND and hope for its abundant prosperity.—Hon. H. E. Deemer, Supreme Court of Iowa.

I expect to be a permanent subscriber while you publish so excellent a magazine. Yours in the interest of good literature.—Mrs. R. A. Barr, Britt.

Colonel Keatley vividly pictures life in Alaska.—Courier, Oregon City, Ore.

For August THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has almost doubled the amount of reading matter, and the contents are of a high order of merit. As an Iowa product it is satisfactory in every respect.—Mitchellville Index.

The August MIDLAND, the Iowa magazine, shows marked improvement in its appearance. There are many illustrations and they are better than ever. THE MIDLAND is worthy the name "Iowa magazine."—Fairfield Ledger.

In the August number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY just published, are two sonnets by Miss Elizabeth K. Reynolds of this city. Real art and poetic talent are requisite to the construction of a comprehensive poem in fourteen lines. Miss Reynolds has well observed the *multum in parvo* and has made her sonnets picturesque in a high degree.—Journal, Springfield, Ill.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY's latest issue is both improved and enlarged over any former number. In scope it is wide, in the nature of much of its matter timely.—Capital-Journal, Salem, Oregon.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, published at Des Moines, is steadily improving. There are a number of interesting papers in the August number.—Indianapolis, Ind., News.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, improves in literary character.—Indianapolis, Ind., Journal.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, devoted to midland literature and art, published at Des Moines, is growing in favor with the midland public. The August number exceeds all others in its contents. It is replete from cover to cover with the best literature and the finest of art.—Hastings, Neb., Tribune.

Some of the best articles which have yet appeared in the Des Moines MIDLAND appear in the August number.—Waterloo Tribune.

THE MIDLAND is a magazine of very high grade.—Cambridge Press.

Portraits of new MIDLAND contributors a regular feature now.—Nebraska Signal.

One of the new literary efforts and one that seems destined to succeed is THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, of Des Moines.—National Traveler, Chicago.

## FOR SALE BLACK LANGSHAN CHICKENS.

Two hundred of the choicest birds ever offered. The Langshans are noted as Winter Layers, and the most profitable breed on the market. Address

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WRITE FOR INFORMATION.

**WILL TRADE** six lots in Cedar Rapids for a small house and lot for rent, in Des Moines, paying CASH difference in value. Address J. B., care of MIDLAND MONTHLY, Des Moines.

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lying along and owned by the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad Company, and which that Company offers at low prices and on long terms. Special inducements and facilities offered to go and examine these lands both in Southern Illinois and in the "Yazoo Delta," Miss. For further description, map and any information, address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, No. 1 Park Row, Chicago, Ill., or G. W. MCGINNIS, Asst. Land Commissioner, Memphis, Tenn.

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